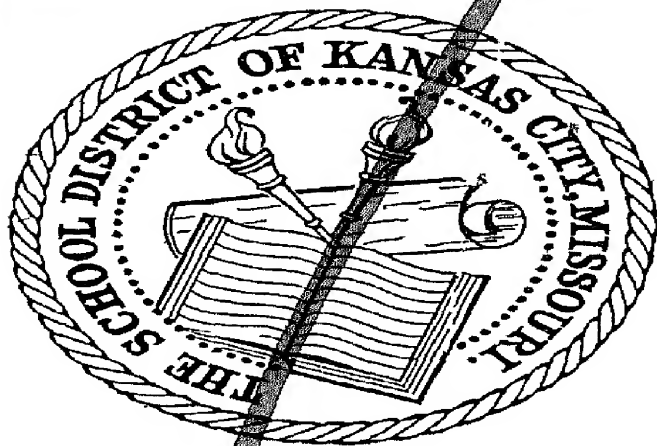


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KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND FIRST FOLIO
(1623) EDITIONS.

KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND
FIRST FOLIO (1623) EDITIONS.

Volume 2 in the series

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

With an Introduction

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO, 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1877

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Series II. No. 9

CLAY AND TAYLOR, BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting this work to the members of the New Shakspeare Society, it is desuabable that I should state how I came to be engaged on it, and for what share in it I am responsible. It was commenced by Dr Brinsley Nicholson, under whose supervision the reprints of the 1st Q^o and 1st F^o editions of the play were issued to the Society in 1875. The present work was then taken in hand, the texts arranged, and elaborate collations of the several quarto and folio editions made. Proofs of the first few pages were actually prepared by the printer in January 1876, when illness compelled Dr Nicholson to suspend his labours.

In the mean time it will be understood that the type which had been set up for the simple reprints of the texts had still to remain in its forms, awaiting re-arrangement for this edition, and was therefore unavailable for the general work of the printing-office.

In November last it became a question, in which both the economy of the Society and the convenience of the printer were concerned, whether the work on which so much loving care and labour had been expended was to be abandoned, or whether it could be carried to completion by another hand. In this emergency, and encouraged thereto by our Director, Mr Furnivall, I volunteered my services.

The whole body of the work and the marginal notings are distinctly the work of Dr Nicholson, but I must add that for any short-comings in them, the responsibility must fall on my shoulders. In his hands the marginal notes would have been very much more minute than they now are.

Unfortunately, although he had accumulated materials, he had not completed their arrangement, and not feeling my ability to carry out his intentions to their full extent, I found myself compelled to sacrifice much that was already prepared. I believe, however, that everything essential to the study of the texts will be found in its place, but should it hereafter appear desuabable to give additional fulness to the work, it is to be hoped that Dr Nicholson may himself supplement my deficiencies.

In this edition the text of the folio is printed, line for line, as in the original. Each page presents half a column of the folio—the number of the page and column being noted within brackets on the left hand of the text, at top. The Acts, Scenes, and lines are also numbered on the left hand.

In the Q^o page the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered on the right hand of the text. It must be borne in mind that the scenes of the Q^o are numbered to correspond with those of the F^o thus the Q^o not having any scene corresponding with Sc. i of

F° its first scene is numbered II to agree with the F°; and in one place—Act IV Sc iv. & v—for the same reason, the order of the two scenes in the Q° has been reversed.

The lines of the Q° text are in the sequence of the original, but the text itself is necessarily much broken up in order to bring its several parts as nearly as possible in apposition with the corresponding passages of the F° text. The end of each page of the Q° is indicated by the printing within brackets of the signatures of the original edition: thus at page 14, [20 A 2] signifies that line 20 of the text ends page A 2 of the Q°, and so throughout.

In some places the latter half of a line of the Q° text has been dropped in order to make it correspond with the F°: thus on page 14, line 6 has been printed,—

King Shune we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

to correspond with lines 10 & 11 of F° text.

Again, and for the same reason, two lines of the Q° are printed as one, the division being thus marked ||, as in page 18, lines 67-8,—

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagges

In the 3rd Q°, 1608, many of the lines of Q° 1 were re-arranged by its editor or printer, the Q° 3 arrangement is marked in our text by the usual divisional sign /. Thus, page 24, line 108 becomes two lines in Q° 3 ending *egs, cat*, and line 118 two lines, ending *heauen, functions*. Sometimes in Q° 3 two lines of Q° 1 are printed as one, and in a few places some words were added to the text: these cases will be found noted in the margin.

Cross references to corresponding passages which it was not possible to place in apposition, are printed within the texts in brackets. Thus, page 36 [lines 83-4 fol] refers the reader to those lines of the same scene in the folio text, page 41, which correspond with lines 16-17 of the Q°.

I regret to say that these cross references are not so complete as it was evidently the intention of Dr Nicholson to make them. Finding, in his MS., references of this kind throughout the work, I rashly concluded that all had been noted, and it was not till the whole body of the work had passed through the press, and I was enabled to take a more leisurely and comprehensive view of it for the purpose of this introduction, that I discovered the deficiencies. They are not many, however, and the additional inter-references that might have been given are nearly all within the corresponding scenes of Q° and F°, and frequently within the two opposite pages of our texts. The student will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the separated passages, and for the casual reader who requires to be knowledge-crammed, I confess I have but small sympathy.

With regard to the marginal notings when there can be no doubt as to the word or words of the text to which the marginal variation refers, the text is not quoted in the margin. Thus, page 22, line 81, *gaunst* of Q° 3 clearly refers to the *agamst* of the text. When, however, there is a radical difference in the variation, the text is quoted behind the bracket, thus in line 82 of the same page, *for] agamst* 2. signifies that Q° 2 in place of *for* of the text has *agamst*. The number of that edition only in which the

variation is found, follows the marginal note. When the marginal variation is found in all editions subsequent to the text, no number follows it thus (same page) line 94, no number following the marginal note *fear'd*, it is understood that the two quartos subsequent to our text agree in this variation.

The same principle which regulates the marginal notings of the Q° text applies also to that of the F°

The Title-page of Q° 1 is of course given in full, page 2 of our text. The only noticeable variations in the title-pages of the two subsequent quartos are in the imprint

Q° 2 has,—‘ | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas | Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, | at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange, 1602. | ’

Q° 3 has only,—‘ | Printed for T. P. 1608 | ’

The author's name is not given on any of these title-pages

The 2nd and 3rd Q°s were both printed from the 1st, their variations from that edition, as Dr Nicholson has remarked in his notice to the reprint of Q° 1, neither aid in determining its character nor in the correction of the folio text

The Q° text has 1623 lines, printed throughout as verse, but with little regard to the proper division of the verse lines, and of course none at all as regards the prose.

For the F° text I take the lines as metrically numbered in the Globe edition, for the play itself 3256 lines, add for Choruses 223 lines = total 3479 lines. Very nearly one-third of the dialogue, or 1060 lines, is placed in the mouth of King Henry

The two principal points which this parallel-texts edition may assist in determining are,—

1. The value of the Q° as regards the revision of the text. Three lines from it (ii. 1. 79, iv. 3. 43, & iv. 5. 16) have been received into many modern editions. It enables us also to correct, with something like certainty, a few words in the folio text which had been blundered by the printer, and here and there it affords some support to what, at the best, can only be considered as conjectural emendations of that text. This, I think, is the utmost that can be said for it. It does not, as is the case with other ‘imperfect’ quartos, enable us to restore any passage of importance which there is reason to think may have been accidentally omitted in the folio. In what it does give of the fuller text, its variations are generally for the worse.

2. The question whether the Q° is to be accepted as the author's first sketch of the play, or to be rejected as a mere imperfect and corrupted version of the play as it appears in the folio edition

This question is of great interest to many students, for its determination in the affirmative would, they believe, afford some reasonable starting-point from which to trace the development of Shakespeare's method of composition from its first conception to its perfect growth.

Some enquiry as to the date of production of the play is here necessary.

In the Chorus at the beginning of Act V the following passage occurs —

‘Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him !¹

This is universally received as an allusion to the expedition of the Earl of Essex, and if so, must have been written between the date of his departure for Ireland, 15th April, 1599, and his return to London, 28th Sept in the same year. This being granted, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any portion of the play could have been written after that date. Nor can we suppose that any portion of it was written long before that date. It was certainly written after the second part of *Henry IV*, as the promise of it in the epilogue of that play sufficiently proves —

'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions,' etc

The earliest date assigned to this second part of *Henry IV* is 1596, but the latest, 1598, is more probably the right one¹. Meres, who in his '*Wits Treasury*,' 1598, mentions '*Henry the 4.*' is silent as regards *Henry V.*, and it is by no means certain that in his mention of *Henry IV* he included both parts of that play.

On the whole, then, we may reasonably conclude that 1599 is the date to be assigned to *Henry V.*, and that when in 1600 the 1st Quarto edition was published, the whole play, as we now have it in the Folio, was in existence, and had been produced on the stage.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that because the Q^o was not printed till 1600, it therefore could not be an earlier version than that of 1599, though in any case its previous existence must have been very brief. Few plays got to the press until some time after their presentation on the stage, and it might be fairly argued that the appearance of the 1599 play was the cause of the disinterment and hasty printing of the 'first sketch', that being the only version the unscrupulous stationer could lay his hands on. The internal evidence therefore that the Q^o itself affords is all that we have to rely on in forming our judgment as to its character.

Nearly all editors have expressed a more or less definite opinion as to the relation of the two versions of the play to each other, but few have deemed it necessary to adduce other than general arguments in support of their decision. Special proof either for or against the 'first sketch' theory seems yet a thing to be desired.

Pope, who in one note instances the Essex allusion as a proof that the play was writ in 1599, in another asserts that in the folio the speeches are generally enlarged and raised, and that several whole scenes and all the choruses were added, since the edition of 1608 [Q₃].

Capell says of the quartos that they 'are all equally defective in a most high degree, and vicious in what they do give us notwithstanding which, great use was to be made of them, and has been, in mending and completing the folio, the basis of the text of this play. The whole play as it lies in that folio, must have been written in the year '99, and in the spring of that year. The reverse of the Earl of Essex's fortunes, upon whom

¹ See Malone *Chronological Order of the plays*, p. 357, Vol. II, Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821.

so handsome a compliment is made in the fifth Chorus, follow'd its composition so quickly, a presentation became improper, and the suppression of this Chorus, it is probable drew on that of the others. From this lame representation, in which the play might be otherwise mangl'd by the persons presenting it, the quarto of 1600 was certainly pirated, by some scribe of profound ignorance, set to work by the printer.

Johnson apparently believed the Q^o to be a first sketch in a note on Act II sc ii, he remarks, 'This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition;' and in a note on Act IV sc vii., he speaks of the play [the folio version] as a 'second draught.'

Steevens thought that the difference between the two copies might be accounted for by the elder (the Q^o) having been taken down during the representation, or collected from the repetitions of actors the second and more ample edition (the F^o) being that which regularly belonged to the play-house.

Malone says,—'The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious, and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.' (*Chronological order, etc*) Elsewhere, in a note on Act IV sc vii, he says, 'The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's.'

Boswell considers that 'the earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author's first conceptions.'

Other editors speak vaguely of 'additions' in the folio, thereby leaving it to be inferred that in their opinion the Q^o represents an earlier and independent version of the play.

Knight holds the Q^o edition, though surreptitiously obtained, and not printed till after the appearance of the fuller folio version, to be a genuine copy of an earlier and shorter play, written perhaps hastily for a temporary purpose. He considers that the fuller version is manifestly and beyond question, from beginning to end, the result of the author's elaboration of this first sketch, and, in proof of this, in his Introductory Notice, and in his notes to the play, he specially directs attention to the following passages —

Act I sc ii	Q ^o ll 4-20—F ^o ll. 8-34	} Instances of careful elaboration in folio
	Q ^o ll 150-57—F ^o ll 223-35	
Act II sc i	The whole scene exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto	
Act II sc. ii.	F ^o ll 105-142 'Treason . . fall of man'	Exhibits the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch
Act III. sc. ii	The whole scene greatly changed and enlarged Completely remodelled	
Act III. sc. vii	Greatly extended in the folio—greatly improved by the extension	
Act IV. sc. v.	A curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended	
Act V sc i.	The whole scene remodelled	

Mr Collier's theory differs somewhat from all others—he supposes Shakespeare to have written a first play with the Choruses as we now have them—that the Q^o, omitting these Choruses, gives but a very imperfect representation of that play—and that the enlarged drama as found in the folio was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court.

Note that this date, 1605, is founded on Mr P Cunningham's '*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels*', page 204—

'On the 7 January was played the play of Henry the fift'

I fear, however, that the Shakespeare entries in Mr Cunningham's '*Extracts*,' etc.—which have been declared by Sir T Duffus Hardy, and the best judges in England, to be forgeries—can hardly now be considered a sufficiently solid foundation for any theory.

As a specimen of the abridgment and corruption of the Q^o Mr Collier cites lines 150-157, Act I sc 11 of Q^o,—lines specially relied on by Knight in support of his theory of elaboration—and as an instance of the way in which lines were misheard and misreported, he refers to lines 84-5 Q^o—142-4 F^o of the same scene. *England* in the Q^o being misreported for *in-land* of F^o text.

Halliwell regards the quartos as mutilated copies only of Shakespeare's drama, and he considers it in the highest degree improbable that they represent an author's imperfect sketch. He thinks it most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre.

The Cambridge Editors incline 'to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together"'

Mr Grant White says of the Q^o, 'it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner.' Of its text he remarks that it is 'so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or still more imperfectly the completed work as it appears in the folio.'

Without the aid afforded us by comparison with the folio edition, it would, I admit, be a matter of extreme difficulty to determine the position of the Q^o, with it, however, a reasonably certain decision may, I think, be arrived at.

The opinion I have formed from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the F^o) was shortened for stage representation, the abridgment done with little care, and printed in the Q^o edition with less probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible that the whole of the quarto edition was obtained in this manner, and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse, would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact, also, that the publishers of the Q^o were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these editions are of doubtful authenticity. [See Mr Fleay's Table of Q^o editions, pages 44-5, *Trans. N. Sh. Soc.* 1874, Part I.]

With regard to the more stately scenes of the play, the chief difference between the F^o and Q^o versions is, that long passages are not found in the latter, these passages are, in my opinion, in nearly all cases precisely such as would have been cut out for the purpose of a shortened stage representation. The variations between those parts which are common to both editions are, after making allowance for error and corruption in both, but trifling.

The scenes in which the French king and his lords appear, seem, if my theory is correct, especially to have suffered in the abridgment.

The comic scenes are perhaps those on which it is most difficult to form a decided opinion. In so far as they are common to both versions, there are very few speeches in the F^o that have not their counterpart in the Q^o, but they are strangely disordered and incoherent in that edition. In some places quite perfect, in others they break down into what, on comparison with the F^o, would seem to be a mere jumble of disintegrated fragments. There, if anywhere, believers in the 'first sketch' theory might find some ground for their faith, but to me, bearing in mind the general condition of the Q^o text, however difficult it may be to prove the point, the most reasonable verdict must be—imperfect representation on the part of Q^o, not, after elaboration in F^o.

It would be an endless, and I venture to think a needless labour, now that the texts themselves are here in evidence, to attempt to weigh the pros and cons on every point liable to discussion throughout the play, and I shall therefore only adduce two instances in support of my opinion. These being, I think, indisputable, will also, I presume, be considered sufficient, for if in a single case it can be clearly proved, not that the Q^o is merely deficient in, but that it actually *omits* any portion of the F^o version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character.

And here I must be allowed to observe that the mere fact of the Q^o being so much shorter than the F^o, is by no means a point in its favour, for we know that from the earliest times down to the present day the constant practice of the stage has been, and is, the shortening of the author's original work.

I must now ask the reader to turn to Act I. sc. ii. and compare lines 47—55 of Q^o with lines 67—91 of F^o.

'Hugh Capet also,'—says the Q^o. Why *also*? There is nothing in the Q^o to account for this adverb. We turn to the F^o and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Q^o refers, but which it *omits*. But this is not all, in the F^o after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the *foresaid* Duke of Loiraine'

The Q^o, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of this '*foresaid* Duke of Loiraine'. Again here is proof of *omission*. But still this is not all the Q^o further by its injudicious *omissions* actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Loiraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Loiraine with the daughter of Charlemaine, and then, rejoining the current

of the F^o, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this summing up, the Q^o turns *King Lewes* into *King Charles*, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument, it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Q^o, but has nothing to do with the question of *omission* with which I am principally concerned.

The other instance of omission on the part of the Q^o, which I shall notice, is that of an entire scene, Act IV sc 11 in the French Camp, commencing—'The Sunne doth gild our Armour'—and ending—

'Come, come away
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day'

It will be observed that the Q^o side of our book is here an absolute blank from the beginning to the end of the scene. At first sight this absolute blank might seem to have destroyed all evidence, but if we turn back to the *night* scene in the French Camp, Act III sc vii, we shall find that scene in the Q^o tagged, most inappropriately, with the couplet quoted above.

Here surely is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Q^o 1 merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one, and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!

Proof of *omission* is perhaps all that is needed for determining the position of the Q^o, but there is one other consideration which, I think, may have some weight in deciding the order of precedence of the Q^o or F^o.

The play, as is well known, is founded, for its historical part at least, on the Chronicles, probably exclusively on Holinshed's compilation. Now in the F^o version are certain historical errors not found in the Q^o edition. We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Q^o), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Q^o). The latter hypothesis seems to me the only tenable one.

This point—a new one I believe, at any rate I am not aware that it has been advanced before—suggested itself to me when making out a table showing the distribution of parts in the two versions. The table will be found at the end of this Introduction. From it it appears that, in so far as they have any share in the dialogue of the play, Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Epingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jami, Messenger 11 4, & 14 2, and the French Queen, disappear from the Q^o version, their parts, or what is given of their parts in the text, being distributed among other actors, and themselves, when their presence is required on the stage, represented by mute supernumeraries.

One speech by Ely (F^o 1 2 168—174), which the Chronicles assign to Westmoreland, is given in the Q^o to *Lord*. I believe it was intended in the shortened play to lump it with Exeter's following speech, Westmoreland's part being cut out.

Westmoreland is not mentioned in the Chronicles as present at Agincourt—he had

charge to defend England against the inroads of the Scotch,—and he disappears from the Q^o. What remains of his part is divided between Warwick and Exeter, and in one place where in the folio he is mentioned in the dialogue (iv 3 21), in the Q^o Warwick's name is substituted.

Bedford also was not present at the battle, and though he is once mentioned in the text of the Q^o (iv 3 32),—an oversight of the corrector, I suppose,—what remains of his part is taken by Gloucester, with the exception of one speech (iv 3 7—9 Q^o), which is given to Clarence.

Clarence is not mentioned in the F^o till Act V sc 11, after the King's return to France, but according to the Chronicles he was present at the battle, and he appears in the Q^o. I am aware that the Chronicles say he had leave to return to England from Harfleur, but they nevertheless make him present at the battle.

For Britany, Act III sc v F^o, the Q^o has Bourbon, and I believe all editors from Theobald downwards (including Mr Knight) have accepted this change of personages as a correction.

The most remarkable correction—such I suppose it to be—in the Q^o, is the substitution of Bourbon for the Dauphin in Act III sc vii, and Act IV sc v. The Dauphin was certainly not present at the battle, and even in the F^o, Act III sc v, we find that he was to stay with his father at Rouen. On this point Mr Johnes has the following note to his translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, Cap cxlvii: 'The name of Sir Guichard Dauphin [See his name in the list of slain, Act IV sc viii l 97] appears to have betrayed Shakspeare into the error of making the Dauphin of France present at the battle of Agincourt, which he was not,—unless we suppose the error to lie with the editors, in confounding two persons meant by Shakspeare to be distinct. In the camp scene before the battle, his Dauphin does not hold such a rank in the debate and conversation as is suitable to the heir of the French Monarchy, but precisely that which the master of the household might hold with propriety. In one scene, he is thus mentioned, "Enter Rambures, Châtillon, Dauphin, and others".'

I have given this note in full because it does not appear to have attracted the attention of any of Shakspeare's editors. Johnes, I presume, quoted the 'Entrance' with which he concludes his note from memory, and is of course wrong, there is none such in either Q^o or F^o, though it is true that 'Dolphin' is not placed in his due rank in the 'Entrances' to sc vi Act III, and sc v Act IV. In the entry to sc 11 Act IV—omitted in Q^o—he ranks first as 'the Dolphin,' and in these scenes in the F^o, though he certainly is addressed with great familiarity, he is yet spoken of as *the* Dolphin, and a prince.

There is one other peculiarity in the Q^o which I should here mention—though whether it tells either for or against my notion that this re-distribution of parts in the Q^o indicates *correction* of F^o errors, I am unable to determine. In these French Camp scenes (iii 6, & iv 5), a personage named *Gebon* is introduced. In the first he has a speech which the F^o assigns to Orleans, and in the second an oath which the F^o gives to Constable. I cannot find in the Chronicles, in the list of the French Lords present at the battle, any name bearing any resemblance to *Gebon*, possibly it may have been the name of the actor who played one of the personages of these scenes, though

I do not find any name of that kind in the lists of actors of the Shakespearian period

To sum up all, it may then be with confidence asserted—

- 1 That the Q^o was certainly not printed from an authentic manuscript
- 2 That when it was printed, the fuller version had already been in existence some time
- 3 That in itself it contains evidence of *omission* of passages found in the fuller version
- 4 That this circumstance, and the absence from it of certain historical errors found in the fuller version, are strong presumptive evidence of its later date, and, therefore, that instead of regarding it as the author's first sketch, we can only look on it as an imperfect copy of his work

The following table is made out, not from the 'Entrances' with which each scene is headed, and which are exceedingly inaccurate and defective in both Q^o and F^o, but from the prefixes to the speeches

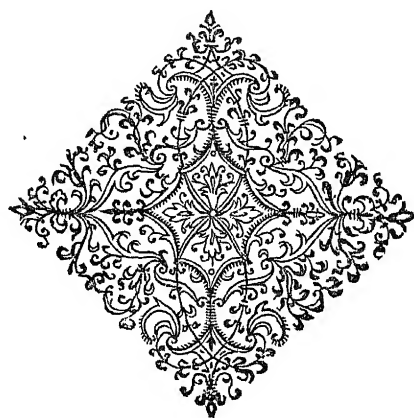
The order in which the personages are arranged is that of the first scene, either of Q^o or F^o, in which they have a speech

The long dash in the dotted line shows the scenes in which they speak in the F^o, the short dash below the dotted line, the scenes in the Q^o

	ACT I		ACT II		ACT III				ACT IV				ACT V	
	I	II	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	III	IV	V	VI	I	II
Cantua														
Ely														
Lord Qo]														
Henry V														
Exeter														
Westmorland														
F Ambassador														
Nym														
Bardolfe														
Pistol														
Boy														
Hostess														
Bedford														
Gloucester														
Cambridge														
Scroop														
Marsham Qo]														
Grey														
F King														
Dauphin														
Constable														
Messenger, II 4														
Fluellen														
Gower														
Macmorris														
Jenny														
Coy Harfleur														
Katherine														
Alice														
Brian														
Flourbon														
Blountjoy														
Orians														
Ranbures														
Genon														
2 Messenger, III 7														
Erpingham														
Court														
1 Soldier Qo]														
Williams														
12 Soldier Qo]														
Bates														
13 Soldier Qo]														
Grandpre														
3 Messenger, IV 2														
Clarence														
Salisbury														
York														
Warwick														
F Prisoner														
Burgundy														
F Queen														

March 27, 1877.

P A DANIEL



ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600

I n	Enter, etc ,	<i>Bishops</i> should be <i>Bishops</i> ,	IV vii	line 61,	<i>no</i> should be <i>not</i>
I n	line 160,	<i>I an</i> should be <i>have</i>	IV viii	,, 85,	<i>Mauftie</i> should be <i>Mauftie</i> ,
II n	,, 104,	<i>death</i> , should be <i>death</i> ,	V n	,, 29,	<i>any</i> should be <i>any</i>

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623

Page	1,	Pro1,	line 33,	<i>like</i> should be <i>like</i> ,	Page	60,	line 62,	<i>Pistoll</i> should be <i>Pistol</i>
,,	5,	line	97,	<i>I</i> should be <i>Is</i>	,,	61,	,, 85,	<i>Bates</i> should be <i>Bats</i> ,
,,	15,	,,	10,	<i>Coronats</i> should be <i>Coronets</i> ,	,,	64,	,, 202,	<i>between</i> should be <i>betweene</i>
,,	16,	,,	37,	<i>safe</i> should be <i>saf</i> ,	,,	66,	,, 278,	<i>Days</i> should be <i>Dayes</i>
,,	23,	,,	85,	<i>heere</i> should be <i>heere</i> ,	,,	67,	the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be raised one line	
,,	29,	,,	24,	<i>us</i> should be <i>us</i>	,,	68,	line 13,	<i>tears</i> should be <i>teares</i>
,,	30,	,,	70,	<i>present</i> should be <i>present</i>	,,	69,	,, 52,	<i>Fly</i> should be <i>Flye</i>
,,	33,	,,	17,	<i>follow</i> should be <i>follow</i>	,,	69,	,, 55,	<i>shews</i> should be <i>shewes</i>
,,	36,	,,	23,	<i>Honour</i> should be <i>Honor</i>	,,	81,	,, 79,	<i>masters</i> should be <i>masters</i> ,
,,	36,	,,	30,	<i>means</i> should be <i>meanes</i>	,,	90,	,, 41,	<i>again</i> should be <i>again</i>
,,	41,	,,	42,	<i>awayd</i> should be <i>awayd</i> ?	,,	93,	,, 73,	<i>native</i> should be <i>native</i>
,,	49,	,,	108,	<i>winne</i> should be <i>winner</i> .	,,	93,	,, 9,	<i>face</i> should be <i>face</i> ,
,,	51,	,,	168,	<i>away</i> should be <i>away</i>	,,	95,	,, 54,	<i>Hedges</i> should be <i>Hedges</i> ,
,,	51,	,,	7,	<i>Lord Con-</i> should be <i>Lord High Con-</i>	,,	98,	,, 145,	<i>prolestation</i> should be <i>prolestation</i> ,
,,	53,	,,	61,	<i>have</i> should be <i>have</i>	,,	99,	,, 175,	<i>of it</i> should be <i>of it</i> ,
,,	55,	,,	125,	<i>have</i> should be <i>have</i>	,,	100,	,, 236,	<i>hand</i> should be <i>Hand</i>
,,	55,	,,	140,	<i>tellectual</i> should be <i>tellectuall</i>	,,	105,	,, 372,	<i>Leagues</i> should be <i>Leagues</i>
,,	56,	,,	6,	<i>almost</i> should be <i>almost</i>				
,,	58,	,,	26,	<i>them</i> should be <i>them</i> ,				

KING HENRY V.

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto and First Folio
Editions, (Q₁) 1600, (F₁) 1623,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND FOLIOS

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in
France. Together with *Auntient*
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be
fold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
HISTOR[Y

of

The Life of Henry the Fifth.]

Published according to the True Originall Cop[y]

LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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[p 69]

The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Fifth 3, 4

Enter Prologue

[COL 1] O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
 The brightest Heaven of Invention
 A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
 4 And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene
 Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
 Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
 (Least in, like Hounds) should Fame, Sword, and Fire
 8 Crouch for employment But pardon, Gentles all
 The flat unraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an Object Can this Cock-Pit hold
 12 The vastie fields of France? O: may we cramme
 Within this Woodden O, the very Caske
 That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
 O pardon since a crooked Figure may
 16 Attest in little place a Million,
 And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
 18 On your imaginarie Forces worke
 Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
 20 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarches,
 Whose high, up-rear'd, and abutting Fronts,
 The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder
 Peece out our imperfectiours with your thoughts
 24 Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
 And make imaginarie Puissance
 Thinke when we talke of Hoyses, that you see them,
 Printing their proud Hoyses i'th receiving Earth
 28 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
 Carry them here and there Iumping o're Times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
 Into an Horre-glasse for the which supplie,
 32 Admit me Choies to this Historie,
 W'ho Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to heare, kindly to nudge our Play

6 his] is 4

8] all, 4

9] Spirit, 4

12] held

13] Caske 3, 4

20] Monarches 2 -chs 3, 4

21] up-rear'd 3, 4

25] Puissance 2.

Exit

--	--

[p 69]

[The Life of Henry the Fifth.]

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[p 1]

*Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely**two] om. 3, 4**Bish. Cant*

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuēth yere of y^e last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,

4 But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on if it passe against vs,
8 We loose the better halfe of our Possession
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue guen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs, being valu'd thus,
12 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires

8] *lose*
halfe] past

69]

L 1]

16

And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd
 And to the Coffers of the King beside,
 A thousand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill

19] *po. and 3. 4*

20

Bish Ely This would drinke deepe

Bish Cant 'Twould drinke the Cup and all

Bish Ely But what preuention?

L 2]

Bish Cant The King is full of grace, and faire re-
 gard

24

Bish Ely And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bish Cant The courses of his youth promis'd it not

The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,

But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,

28

Seem'd to dye too yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an Angell came,

And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,

Leauing his body as a Paradise,

32

T'inculop and containe Celestiall Spirits

Neuer was such a fodaue Scholler made

Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,

With such a heady currance scowring faults.

35] *currant 2, 3 - ut 4*

36

Not neuer *Hudra*-headed Wilfulnesse

So soone did loose his Seat, and all at once,

As in this King

37] *lose*

Bish Ely We are blessed in the Change

40

Bish Cant Heare him but reason in Diuinitie,

And all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the King were made a Prelate

Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires,

44

You would say, it hath been all in all his study

Lift his discourse of Warre, and you shall heare

A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

h

Tune

--	--

70]
L I]

48

Turne him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,
 Familiar as his Garter that when he speakes,
 The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences
 So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
 Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
 Since his addition was to Courtes vaine,
 His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports,
 And neuer noted in him any studie,
 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
 From open Haunts and Populancie

52

56

60

64

68

B. Ely The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
 And holefome Berries thrue and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie
 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
 Grew like the Summer Giasse, fastest by Night,
 Vnseene, yet creffine in his facultie.

72

B. Cant It must be so, for Miracles are ceast
 And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
 How things are perfected.

76

B. Ely But my good Lord.
 How now for mitigation of this Bill,
 Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
 Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
 Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
 Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs
 For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,

54 *thus*] *his* 3, 458] *creffine* 478] *Than* 4 [and so
throughout]

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient Pistoll

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants*

Exeter

1] His

S Hall I call in Thambaffadois my Liege?
King Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolute
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

70]
L 1]

Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceffors part withall.

B Ely How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie
88 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather

B Ely What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B Cant The French Embassador vpon that instant
96 Crau'd audience, and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing Is it foure a Clock?

B Ely It is

B Cant Then goe we in, to know his Embassie
100 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it

B Ely Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt

{ I 2]

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter*

King Where is my gracious Loid of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King Send for him, good Vnckle

4 *Westm* Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King Not yet, my Cousin we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

101] speaks 2 -Ls 3, 4

4] the 4

6] *Sure* 3

Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shune we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

8] *in vs* 3

Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same

For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre
We charge you in the name of God take heed

21] *Disth* Catch-word in
1, but om before speech
Inserted 2, 3

After this coniuration, speake my Lord
And we will iudge, note, and beleene in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

[20. A 2]

[*Disth*]

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peccies,
Which owe your lues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to flay your highnesse claime to *France*

Enter two Bishops.

B Cant God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King Sure we thanke you
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natue colours with the truth
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre,
We charge you in the Name of God take heed
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops

Aie euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in brieue mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord

For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme

B Can Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your luvs, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne There is no baire
To make against you Highnesse Clayme to France,

8 *youi*] *you* 2

27] *guiltlesse* 2

29] *w'ong*

But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,

No female shall succeed in salicke land,

Which salicke land the French vnustly gloze

To be the realme of *France*

28

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female baire

Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme

That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,

Betweene the fouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,

32

Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons

There left behind, and setled certaine French,

Who holding in disdain the Germane women,

For some dishonest maners of their liues,

36

Establisht there this lawe To wit,

No female shall succeed in salicke land

Which salicke land as I said before,

39] *(as I haue said before)* 3

40] *call'd* 3

Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mefene*

40

Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe

Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,

Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,

Vntill 400 one and twentie yeares

44

After the function of king *Faramont*,

46] *suppos'd* 3

Godly supposed the founder of this lawe

5

Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,

4

70] But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
 2] *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*,
 40 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land
 Which *Salike* Land, the French vnjustly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 44 The founder of this Law, and Female Baire
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue
 48 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French
 Who holding in disdain the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 52 Establisht then this Law, to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritor in *Salike* Land
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*
 56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France
 Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 60 After defunctiō of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six and *Charles* the Great
 4 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred fise Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 8 Did as Here Generall, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothar*,
 1 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France
 S *Hugh Capet* also, who vsurpt the Crowne
 L

40] *succedant*,47 & 54] *Elue* 3, 4

Of

49] *naught*, 350] *Conuaid* 2

To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught
Conuaid himselfe as here to the Lady *Inger*,

48

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Loam*,

60] *embrace* 3

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe [57. A 2. v.]
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked cautes,
Vsnupt from you and your progenitors (claime?)

52

64] *it is* 3.

K May we with right & conscience make this
Br The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter
Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

6

Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Langue*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Of *Charles* the Great also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satished,
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-ynited to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female
 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,

Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors

King May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish Cant The finne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne

For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
 When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
 Descend vnto the Daughter Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
 Looke back into your mightie Ancestors

84] *Ermengare*

85] *foresaid* 2

92 *vnto*] *upon*

96] *imbar* 3, 4
 and '*barre*' is '*bar*'
 throughout

100] *it is* 3, 4

69] *grandsires* 3.

Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy

Making defeat on the full power of *France*,

74] *Whilst* 3

Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelp,

76] *the blood* 3

Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*

And let an other halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action

72

76

80

71

101]

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme, muoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,

107] *Vnckle*, 3, 4

108

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France

Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe

112

Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie
O Noble English, that could enttaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action

116 *All* And 3, 4117] *Bish Ely* 3, 4

Bish Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats,

You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne

120

The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

Runs in your Veines and my thrice-puissant Liege

Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises

124

Ere You Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth

Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,

As did the former Lyons of your Blood (might,

West They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and

128

So hath your Highnesse neuer King of England

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,

Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,

And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France

131] *field*

132

Bish Can O let their bodies follow my deare Liege

With Bloods, and Swoird and Fire, to win your Right

133] *Blood* 3 4

In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie

134] *Spirituality* 3, 4

Will raise you Highnesse such a mightie Summe,

As neuer did the Clergie at one time

136

Bring in to any of your Ancestors

81] *gainst* 382 *for*] *agaunst* 2.

King We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs

with all aduantages

B: The Marches gracious foueraigne,

shalbe sufficient

To guardyour *England* from the pilfering borderers

King We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnturnisht Kingdome,
Came pouing like the Tide into a breach,

That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof

94] *fear'd*

B: She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord
For heare her but exemplified by her selfe, [94. A 3]
When all her chualy hath bene in *France*
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a pray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytife she did leade to *France*,

Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottomie of the sea
With sunken wrack and shiplesse treasure

Lord. There is a saying very old and true,
If you will *France* win, || Then with *Scotland* first begin
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,

. 71]
L 2]

King We must not onely aime t'muade the French,
But lay downe our proportion, to defend
140 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages

Bt/sh Can They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
144 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderiers

King We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs
148 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfortunisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes
That England being emptie of defence,
156 Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B Can She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots whom shee did send to France,
164 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with playse,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea

With funken Wrack, and sun-lesse Treasures

168 *Bt/sh Ely* But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 *the*] a 3, 4

169] *begin*

p 71]
OL 2]

King We must not onely arme t'muade the French
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
140 Against the Scot, who will make roade upon vs,
With all aduantages

Bish Can They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
144 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers

King We do not meane the couising snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs
148 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,

But that the Scot, on his vn furnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample and bunn fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes
That England being emptie of defence,

156 Hath shooke and trembled at th'all neighbourhood

B Can She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,

The King of Scots whom shee did lend to France,
164 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with playse,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea

With sunken Wrack, and sun-lesse Treasures

168 *Bish Ely* But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 the] u 3, 4

169] begin

108] *unfur nshk*

To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot
Would fuck her eggs, /

playing the mouse in absence of the

To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat (cat /

Exe It follows then, the cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a curst necessitie,

Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues

Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad

The advised head controls at home

For gouernment though high or lowe,

116 2nd ed. in 3

being put into parts,

Congrueth with a mutuall content

like musicke

Bi True therefore doth heauen / diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions /

Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience

For so live the honey Bees,

creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome

They haue a King and officers of iust,

Where some like Magistrates correct at home

Others like Marchants venture trade abroad

Others like fouldiers armed in their flings,

Make boote vpon the fommers veluet bud

Which pillage they with mery march bring home

To the tent royall of their Emperour,

Who buſied in his maieſtie, behold

The finging matons building 100fes of gold [130 A 3 v]

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,

127] m c i y 2

128] *tent-royal* 3

103

112

116

120

124

128

171]

172]

172

To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Moule in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate

174 can] can 2

175 then] then

176

Exet It followes thou, the Cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'advised head defends it selfe at home.

180

For Gouvernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke

183] close 2

184

Cant Therefore doth heauen diuide

The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion

188

To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience for so worke the Hony Bees,

Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome

192

They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad.

194] venture

196

Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddees
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor

197] marish 2, 3

Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes

200

The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony,
The poore Mechanicke Porteis, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate

200] Mason

132] *sad-ey'd* 3

The sad eyde Iustice with his surly humme,
 Deluering vp to executors pale,

132^r

the lazy caning Drone

This I infer, that 20 actions once a foote,
 May all end in one moment

As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke

136

As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne

138] *selfe-sea* 3

As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea

As many lines clofe in the dyall center

So may a thousand actions once a foote,

140

End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect

Therefore my Liege to *France*,

Diuide your happy England into foure,

Of which take you one quarter into *France*,

144

And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake

If we with thrice that power left at home,

Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,

Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose

148^r

The name of pollicy and hardinesse

Kl. Call in the messenger sent fiō the Dolphin,

And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,

France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,

152

O^r breake it all in peeces

155-6] One line in 3.

Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
 Freely of our acts,

O^r else like toonglesse mutes

Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph

156

Th' 2 the 3

Enter Thambassadors from France.

11 1] 2]

1 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazie yawning Drone I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 208 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 As many Arrowes loosed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke . as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea,
 212 As many Lynes close in the Dials center
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well boine
 Without defeat Therefore to France, my Liege,
 216 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 220 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie
King Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin
 224 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
 228 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them
 232 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph

Enter Ambassadors of France

224 well] all 3, 4

158.] *prepared 3.*

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons. [166. A 4]
Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amba. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,

Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.

He saith, theres nought in *France* /
that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: / you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there: /
Therefore he fendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

King. What treasure Vncle?

Ere. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

184.] *play him such 3.*

72]
L. 1]

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King

208 *Amb* May't please your Maiesue to gue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge

Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie

244 *King* We are no Tyiant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our pafsion is as subiect
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* muide.

248 *Amb* Thus than in few
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third
252 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne
256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure, and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you claime
260 Heare no more of you This the *Dolphin* speakes

King What Treasure Vncle?

Exe Tennis balles, my Liege

264 *King*, We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazaid
268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

242] meaning

190] *valued* 3195] *in the throne* 3196] *we haue* 3197 *like*] *like*198 *with*] *om* 2.
therewith 3211 *rightfull*] *right* 3

That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes.
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes oie vs
With our wilder dayes, / not meafuring what vse we made
of them /

We neuer valued this poore feate of England
And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous licence
As tis common feene / that men are meiniest when they are
from home /

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do iowfe vs in throne of *France*

Forthis haue we laid by our Maiestie
And plodded lide a man for working dayes
But we will rise there with so full of gloiy,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,

I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, / (stones, /
And tell him this, / his mock hath turnd his baues to gun
[201 A 4 v]

And his foule shall fit fore charged for the waftfull /
(vengeance

That shall flye from them / For this his mocke /
Shall mocke many a wife out of thei deare husbands
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,
I some are yet vngotten and vnboine,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

But this lyes all within the will of God, / to whom we doo
(appeale,

And in whose name / tel you the Dolphin we are cōming on /
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduēt see them hence.

188

192

196

200

204

208

212

72]
12 2]

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 272 Not measuring what rîe we made of them
 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous licenſe As tis euer common,
 276 That men are merriest, when they are from home
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France
 280 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 284 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his foule
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 288 That shall flye with them for mauny a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands,
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 292 That shal haue cause to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 296 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause
 So get you hence in peace And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
 300 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it
 Conuey them with safe conduct Fare you well

Exeunt Ambassadors.

275 *As]* And 3, 4
euer] om 3, 4

291 *yes]* it 2, 3

301 *you]* ye 3, 4

Exe This was a merry message
King We hope to make the fender blush at it

216

Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers /
(doore

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought, /
That this faire action may on foote be brought

220

Exeunt omnes.

[p 72]
[col 2]

Ere This was a merry Message

King We hope to make the Sender blush at it
304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse
308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings for God before,
312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought *Exeunt.*

[11]

Flourish Enter Chorus

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes
Now thrue the Armors, and Honors thought
4 Reignes solely in the breaſt of euery man
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries*
8 For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers
12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Policy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
16 O England Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart

3] *Honour's* 3, 4

What

1] *God morrow* 2, *Good*
morrow 3
 2] *Good morrow* 3

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

[II 1]

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet ?

Nim I cannot tell, things must be as they may
 I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron

[5 73]
[COL I]

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall
 20 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bofomes, which he fills
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men
 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
 24 *Henry* Lord *Scoope* of *Majham*, and the third
 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 28 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton
 Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest
 32 Th'abuse of distance, force a play
 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is fet from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 36 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
 And bring you backe Charming the narrow seas
 To giue you gentle Passe for if we may,
 40 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene

Exit

25] *Gray* 3, 428] *dye*,30] *-toe*, 431] *we'll* 3, 434] *from*] *for* 3, 442] *Southampton* 3
we do 3, 4

[11 I]

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.**Bar* Well met Corporall *Nym**Nym* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe**Bar* What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?

4 *Nym* For my part, I care not I say little but when
 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

Nym] *Nym* [and so
throughout] 3, 4

6] 'Tis 'twill 3

It is a simple one, but what tho, it will serue to taste cheese,
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
And theres the humor of it

8

9] Quickly

Bar Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,

10] troth-plight 3

For thou weart troth plight to her [10 B]

Nim I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it

12

14] there's 3

Bar Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll
And thee friendes What a plague should we carrie knues
To cut our owne throates [11 83-4 fol]

16

20 my] the 2

Nim. Yfaith Ile lue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it
And when I cannot lue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

20

21] Good morrow 3

Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife

Bar. Godmorrow ancient Pistoll

Here comes ancient Pistoll, I prithee Nim be quiet

Nim How do you my Hoste?

Pist. Bafe slaue, callest thou me hoste?

24

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I sorne the title,
Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging

28 honest] om 3

Host No by my troath not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord half a score honest gentlewomē
That lue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house

28

31] Nim,

O Lord heeres Corporall Nims, now shall

We haue wilful adultery and murther committed

32

[Fol II 41-2 p 39]

Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,

And put vp your sword. || Nim. Push.

[P. 7]
[COL. I]

8 mine yron it is a fimple one, but what though? It will
tofte Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will and there's an end

7] is but a 3, 4

12 *Bar* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes
and wee'l bee all three sworn brothers to France Let't
be so good Corporall *Nym*

11] Let 5 4

Nym Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe
as I may That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it

15] rendezvous 4

16 *Bar* It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

20 *Nym* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may men
may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them
at that time, and some say, knives have edges It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
24 tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly

Bar Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife good
Corporall be patient heere How now mine Hoaste *Pi-
stoll*?

28 *Pist.* Bafe Tyke, calft thou mee Hofte, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme nor shall my *Nel* keep
Lodgers.

32 *Hofst* No by my troth, not long For we cannot lodge
and boaid a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live
honestly by the picke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight O wellday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
36 ry and murther committed

Bar Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere. *Nym.* Pisth

Pylt What dost thou push, thou pickcard cu
of Iseland? 36

Nim Will you shog off? I would haue you solus

Pist Solus egregious dog,
that solus in thy thiote,

And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus / in thy 40
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie for I can talke, /
And *Pistolls* flashing fire cock is vp

43] *Farbasom* 2

Nim I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot conuie me
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well, 44
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, / Ile scoure you with my
Rapie: in faire termes / If you will walke off a little, / [45 B v]
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it. 48

Pylt O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
/ The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, / therefore exall /

They drawe

Bar Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a fouldier 52

Pist An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim Ile cut your throat at one time or an other / in fane
And theres the humoi of it / (termes, 56

Pist Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crecides kinde,
Doll Teu-sheete, she by name, and her espowse 60

60] *lazar kite* 2

[p 73]
[COL 2]

40 *Pist* Pith for thee, Illand dogge thou prickeard cu
of Illand

Haji. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword [Q^o 11 33-4 p 36]

42 *your* thy 3 4

44 *Nym* Will you fhogge off? I would haue you solus
Pist Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile, The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy, and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth I
48 do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

45] *marvellous* 3. 4

Nym I am not *Barlaſon*, you cannot conuere mee I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well If you
52 grow fowle with me *Pistoll*, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it

56 *Pist* O Biaggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Glaue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale

60 *Bar* Heare me, heare me what I say Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilt, as I am a sol-
dier

64 *Pist* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate
Gue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me gue Thy spirites
are most tall

63 *first* first 3

Nym I will cut thy throate one time or other in faue
termes, that is the humor of it

68 *Pistoll* Couple a gorge, that is the word I doe thee a-
gaine O hound of Creet, think'it thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spiritile goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse I haue, and I

70] *Lazer* Kit 4

66] *warning* 3

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough

Enter the Boy

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll* / Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, / and do the office of a
(warming pan /

64

Host By my troath heele yeeld thee crow a pudding one
(of these dayes

Ile go to him, husband youle come ?

68

Bar Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim prithe be friends, and if thou wilt not / be
Enemies with me too /

72] *betting* 3

Ni I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you
at beating?

72

Pist Bafe is the slaue that payes

Nim That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it

Pist. As manhood shall compound *They draw.*

Bar He that strikes the first blow,

76

Ile kill him by this sword

Pist Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

[78 B 2]

79] *betting* 3

Nim I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at
beating ?

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,

80

And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,

And friendship shall combind and brotherhood

Ile lue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall lue by me

82 *and out* 3 [Probably
press error for *out*]

84] *Butler* 2

Is not this rust ? for I shall Sutler be

84

Vnto the Campe, and profit will occue.

[p 71]
[col 2]

will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy

Boy Mine Host *Pysoll*, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse He is very sicke, & would to bed
76 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan Faith, he's very ill

Bard Away you Rogue.

80 *Host* By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes the King has kild his heart Good *Huf-*
band come home presently

Exit

Bar Come, shall I make you two friends Wee must
to France together why the duell should we keep knives
84 to cut one anothers throats? [ll 16-17 Quarto]

Pys Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for tood howle
on

88 *Nym* You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pys Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue that's the humor of it.

Pys As manhood shal compound push home *Draw*

92 *Bard* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
He kill him By this sword, I wil

Pl. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

96 *Bar*. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
thee put vp

100 *Pys*. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shall combyne, and brotherhood. He lue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall lue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue Giue mee
thy hand.

h 3

Nym

76 his the 3, 4

77] *Warning-man* 3, 4

81 *home* om 3, 4

96 to too

100-1] *Nymme* 2

Nim I shall haue my noble ?

Pist In cash most truly paid.

Nim Why theres the humour of it

83

Enter Hostes

Hostes As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull

Pist Let vs condoll the knight for lamkins we will liue

92

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster

[II.]

Gloft Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors

Exe They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

4

Exe O the Lord of *Mafsham*

Enter the King and three Lords.

8 | winde 15 3

King Now firs the windes faue, and we wil aboard,
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,

8

[P 74]
[COL 1]*Nym* I shall haue my Noble*Pist* In cash, most iustly payd*Nym* Well, then that the humor of't106] *there's**Enter Hostiess*

108 *Host* As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to sir *John* A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold
Sweet men, come to him

107] *came of*

112 *Nym* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight
that's the euen of it

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate

116 *Nym* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may he passes some humors, and carrees

Pist Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we will liue

[II 2]

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland**Bed* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors*Eve* They shall be apprehended by and by*West* How smooth and euen they do bear themselves,

4 As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

4] *if all allegiance* 3, 4

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty

5] *royalty* 4*Bed* The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dreame not of

7] *interception* 4

8 *Eve* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours,
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery

9] *lull'd* 3, 4*Sound Trumpets.**Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray*

12

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maslam*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts

Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France* ?

12

Masha No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best
[13 B 2 v]

Cam Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maestie.

Gray Euent hose that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake

16

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hands
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

20

Masha So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King Vncle of *Exeter*,

24

enlarge the man

Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him

Masha That is mercie, but too much securitie
Let him bee punished Soueraigne, / least the example of
Breed more of such a kinde / (him,

28

King O let vs yet be mercifull.

19] omitted 3

[P 74]
[COL 1]

16 Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France ?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them

20 *Scro* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best
King I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire content with ours
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs

Cam Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiesty, there's not I thinke a subiect
That fits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse
28 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment

Ku True those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

32 *King* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse

36 *Scro* So seruice shall with steeld finewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruices

King We Iudge no lesse Vnkle of Exeter,
40 Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd againt our person We consider
It was excesse of Wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

44 *Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security
Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind

King O let vs yet be mercifull

25] was a 3. 4

29 Ku] Gay 4

30] do observe 3. 4

36] *against* 338] *capitoll* 239] *diseste* 339] *appeared* us ° 250] *Grey* 3 (and so onward)60] *for e-stalld* 3*Cam* So may your highnesse, and punish too.*Gray.* You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correuon.*King* Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy onfons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper / should not bee

(winked at, /

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruatiou of our state,
Would haue him punished || Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners ?/ *Cam* Me one my Lord, / your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day / [45 B 3]*Mash* So did you me my Soueraigne*Gray* And me my Lord*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours
There is yours my Lord of *Masham*And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, / this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse (yours /
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboard to nightWhy how now Gentlemen, why change you colour ?
What see you in those papers

That hath so chafed your blood

out of appaance ?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie*Mash.* To which we all appeale*King* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:

[P 74]
[COL 2]

Cam So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too
Grey Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
 After the taste of much correction

King Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
 52 Are heauy Onions 'gainst this poore wretch
 If little faults proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 56 Appere before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,
 Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
 And tender preservation of our person
 Wold haue him punish'd And now to our French causes,
 60 Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam I one my Lord,
 Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro So did you me my Liege.
 64 *Gray* And I my Royall Soueraigne
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours
 There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and Sir Knight
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours
 68 Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse
 My Lord of *Wesmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
 We will aboord to night Why how now Gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you loofe
 72 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change
 Their cheekes are paper Why, what reade you there,
 That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
 Out of appaiance

76 *Cam* I do confesse my fault,
 And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro To which we all appeale.

King The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
 80 By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd

55] *digested*,56] *Appears* 366] *Lords* 2, 3
Knight, 471] *lose*74 *haue*] *haile* 475] *appeaunce* 3, 4

69] *vile* 270] *conspir'd* 373 *haah*] *haah*78] *mightst have* 379] *Wouldst thou have
practisde . use* 2 3

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
 For your owne conscience turue vpon your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 These English monsters
 My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt we were to grace him,
 In all things belonging to his honour
 And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
 Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*
 To kill vs here in *Hampton* To the which,
 This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
 Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
 But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
 Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
 That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
 That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
 Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse:
 Can it be possible that out of thee
 Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

[81 B 3 v]

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grosse
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.

64

68

72

76

80

[p. 74]
COL 2]

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you
 84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertinents
 88 Belonging to his Honour, and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And swoine vnto the practises of France
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
 92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sborne But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cuell,
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?
 96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my countaies,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my foule,
 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me. for thy vse?
 100 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 That might annoy my finger? This so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
 104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it
 Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 As two yooke duels sborne to eythers purpose,
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
 108 That admiration did not hoope at them
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther
 And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was
 112 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence

87] furnish him 3, 4

92] us

103] stand

107 an] a

110 and on] and no

And

/ Their faults are open, / arrest them to the answer of the lawe, /
And God acquit them of their practices
Ere I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

[p 75]
[col. 1]

And other duels that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 116 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glitt'ring semblances of piety
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 120 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 124 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
 A soule so easie as that Englishmans
 Oh, how hast thou with ielousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 128 Why so didst thou seeme they graue and learned?
 Why so didst thou Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou Seeme they religious?
 Why so didst thou Or are they spare in diet,
 132 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 136 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 140 With some suspection, I will weepe for thee
 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 Another fall of Man Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 144 And God acquit them of their practises
Exe I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge

123 might may 4

136 | iudgement 3

140] and 14

I areft thee of high treason, 88
 By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Mafham*
 I areft thee of high treason,
 / By the name of *Thomas Gray*, / knight of *Northumberland* /
Mafh Our purpofes God iuftly hath difcouered, 92
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I befeech your maieftie forgieue,
 Altho my body pay the price of it.

96] *mercie* 2 *mercy* 3
 97] *conspir'd* 3
 98] *proclaim'd* 3.

King God quit you in his mercy / Heare your fentence / 96
 You haue confpired againft our royall perfon,
 Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed
 And ffrō his coffers receiued the golden earneft of our death

104] *Get you hence*, 3

Touching our perfon we feeke no redrefle 100
 But we our kingdomes fafetie muft fo tender
 Whofe ruine you haue fought,
 That to our lawes we do deliuer you (death,
 Get ye therefore hence poore miferable creatures to you 104
 / The tafte whereof, God in his mercy giue you

[p. 75]

COL I]

148

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scroope of Marsham

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

152 *Scro.* Our purposes, God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it

156 *Cam* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended .

But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartly will reioyce,
160 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee

Gray Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
164 Preuented from a damned enterprize ;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne

King God quit you in his mercy. Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
168 Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyvd the Golden Earnest of Our death .

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
172 His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation .

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety trust so tender,
176 Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

159] Which I in

160 and you] om 3, 4

171. to] of 3.

176] you three sought,

	(amisse / Patience / to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds Beare them hence. <i>Exit three Lords</i> Now Lords to <i>France</i> . The enterprife whereof, Shall be to you as vs, fucceffiuely.	108
	Since God cut off this dangerous treafon lurking in our way	
	Cheerly to fea, the signes of war aduance: No King of England, if not King of <i>France</i> <i>Exit omnes</i> [112. B 3]	112
<i>Hoster</i> 3	<i>Enter Nim, Pyftoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy.</i>	[11
1] <i>Stanes</i> 2.	<i>Hofte</i> I prethy sweete heart, / let me bring thee fo farre as (<i>Stanes</i> /	
	<i>Pyft.</i> No fur, no fur	
	<i>Bar.</i> Well fir <i>Iohn</i> is gone God be with him.	
5] <i>chrisombd</i> 2	<i>Hofte</i> I, he is in <i>Arthors</i> bofom, if euer any were He went away as if it were a crytombd childe, Betweene twelue and one, Iuft at turning of the tide His nofe was as sharpe as a pen For when I faw him fumble with the fheetes, And talk of floures, and fmile vpō his fingers ends I knew there was no way but one. How now fir <i>Iohn</i> quoth I? And he cryed three times, God, God, God,	4 8 12

[p. 75]
[col. 2]

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.

Exit.

181] Exeunt

184 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings We doubt not now,
188 But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,

186] way 2 way 3, 4.

187.] beginning.

188 on] in 4.

Putting it fraight in expedition.
192 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Flourish

193. Flourish] Exeunt

[II. 3]

Enter Pytoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess

Hostess 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

1.] honey, 3, 4

Pytoll. No for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolph,*
4 be blythe. *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines. Boy, bristle
thy Courage vp for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

3, 6] yerne 3, 4

8 *Bard* Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

7.] whereso' ere 4

Hostess. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
12 Child. a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
at the turning o'th'Tyde for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way for his Nose was
16 as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields How now
Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times. now I,

10 made a] made 3, 4.

11] Christom 4

12 eu'n iust] iust 3, 4

16] green fields 3 green
Fields 4.

16 at] on 3

19 any] om 3

20] cryed 2

24 he sed] sed 3 incar-
nate 3.

31 fire] om 3

38] none, the word 2.

40] hold fast 3

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope there was no such need

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone.

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack*Hof.* I that he did*Boy.* And of women*Hof.* No that he did not.*Boy.* Yes that he did and he sed they were duels incarnat.*Hof.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women*Hof.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, / and talkt of the whore of

*(Babylon /**Boy.* Hoftes do you remember he saw a Flea standVpon *Bandolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black foule

Burning in hell fire

[31 B 3 v]

Bar. Well, God be with him,

That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.*Pist.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

Trust none the word is pitch and pay

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And holdfast is the only dog my deare.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

[P 75]
[COL 2]

20 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God, I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet · so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone. then I felt to his knees, and so
24 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone

Nim They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hofteffe I, that a did

Bard. And of Women

28 *Hofteffe* Nay, that a did not.

Boy Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
nate.

32 *Woman* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he neuer lik'd

Boy A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women

36 *Hofteffe* A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon

40 *Boy.* Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that mantain'd that fire
that's all the Riches I got in his seruice

44 *Nim* Shall wee fhogg' the King will be gone from
Southampton

48 *Pist.* Come, let's away My Loue, giue me thy Lippes
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables Let Sences
rule The world is, Pitch and pay trust none for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
thy Counfaior. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls Yoke-
fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe
leeches

23] *as any*] *as a* 3, 4

24.] *upward* (*upwar'd* 2)

and upward, 3, 4.

24 *and all*] *and om* 3, 4

39] *and said* 3, 4

Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis and theres the humor of it
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.

King Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

[1 149 fol. p. 67]

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, / tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe. (footh, /

44

[II. 1]

4

[P. 76]
[COL. I]

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to
sucke.

Boy And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march

56 *Bard* Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adien.

60 *Pist.* Let Huswiferie appeare keepe close, I thee
command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

[II. 4.]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine*

King Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.

4 Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
8 With men of courage, and with meanes defendant.
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

12 It fits vs then to be as proudent,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

16 *Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
20 Should be maintan'd, assembled, and collected,

Flourish] om. " " "

4] *Britain* 3. 4.

10 *busied*] *troubled* 315. *selfe,*] om. 2.

And view the weak & sickly parts of *France* .
 But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
 No with no more, then if we heard
 England were busied with a Moris dance
 For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
 So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
 That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

[15 C]

Question your grace the late Embassador,
 With what regard he heard his Embassage,
 How well supplied with aged Counsellours,

And how his resolution answered him,
 You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.

King Well thinke we *Harry* strong
 And strongly aime vs to preuent the foe

8

12

16

20

[p. 76]
[COL. I]

As were a Warre in expectation
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France .
 24 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance
 For, my good Liege, thee is so idly King'd,
 28 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 32 You are too much mistaken in this King
 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 36 How modest in exception ; and withall,
 How terrible in constant resolution
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
 40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ,
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter .
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd
 48 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
 Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
 A little Cloth.

King Thinke we King *Harry* strong .
 52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
 The Kindred of him hath beene sleight vpon vs

36] *with all 3, 4*45] *causes*

Con. My Lord here is an Embaſſador
From the King of England

24

Kin. Bid him come in
You ſee this chafe is hotly followed Lords

Dol My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort,

28] *Selfe-loue* 329] *ſelfe-neglecting*

Selfeloue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing,
As ſelfe neglecting

28

Enter Exeter.

30] *brother of 3.*

King. From our brother England?

Exe From him, and thus he greets you Maieſtie:
He wiſh you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuote your ſelfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,

32

[p 76]
[COL 2]

And he is bred out of that bloodie fraine,
 That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes
 56 Witnesse our too much memorable fhame,
 When Creffy Battell fatall was strucke,
 And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales
 60 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
 Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
 Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
 64 The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
 Had twentie yeeres been made This is a Stem
 Of that Victorious Stock and let vs feare
 The Natue mightinesse and fate of him

Enter a Messenger.

68 *Mess* Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
 Doe craue admittance to your Maestie.
King Weele giue them present audience
 Goe, and bring them.

72 You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends
Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit for coward Dogs
 Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten
 Runs farre before them Good my Soueraigne
 76 Take vp the English short, and let them know
 Of what a Monarchie you are the Head
 Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
 As selfe-neglecting

Enter Exeter

80 *King* From our Brother of England
Exe From him, and thus he greets your Maestie :
 He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
 That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
 84 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

68] *Ambassadors* 4

35.] *law*, 3.

Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs

36

Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinifter, nor no awkward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deuied
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natue and true challenger.

40

44

48

[49 C v]

King If not, what followes?

Exe Bloody cōfrant, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it

52

57.] *Or phants* 3 *bowens* 258.] *g' onts*, 3

And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this contiuensie
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expiesly we bring greeting too.

56

60

61.] *is his*] *is the* 2

[p 76]
[col 2]

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
 88 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France · that you may know
 'Tis no finister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Picket from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
 92 Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,
 He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree
 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 100 From him, the Natue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what follows?

Ere. Bloody constraint for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 104 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* ·
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 108 Deluier vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Iawes and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controuerfie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message
 116 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

91] *Worms-holes* 4.112] *Bloods*, 4117] *too*

King For

67] *mis-become* 386] *weighes* 388 *he*] *we*89] *Well, for us* 390] *of England* 3

Dol For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sencer, doth he puse you at.
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will
For I desire nothing so much, || As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference

As we his subiects haue in wonder found [84. C 2]
Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses

If he stay in *France*

King Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

[p 77]
[COL 1]

King For vs, we will confider of this further
 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 120 Back to our Brother of England
Dolph For the Dolphin,
 I stand here for him what to him from England?
Ere Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 124 And any thing that may not mis-become
 The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus sayes my King and if your Fathers Highnesse
 Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
 128 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiesie;
 Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
 That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
 Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
 132 In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph Say if my Father render faire returne,
 It is against my will for I desire
 Nothing but Oddes with England.
 136 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
 I did present him with the Paris-Balls

Ere Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
 Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
 140 And be assur'd, you'le find a difference,
 As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,
 Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
 And these he masters now now he weighs Time
 144 Euen to the vtmost Graine that you shall reade
 In your owne Losses, if he stay in France

King To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish

Ere Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
 148 Come here himselfe to question our delay,
 For he is footed in this Land already.

[Q^o 1 4, p. 58]

133 render } under 4

138 } *Louer 2* *Louer 3*
Louer 4

147] *lest 4*

--	--

[P 77]
[COL 1]

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
152 To answer matters of this consequence *Exeunt.*

151] *breathe* 4

[III.]

*Actus Secundus**Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Flourish] om.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought
Suppose, that you haue seene
4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies and in them behold,
8 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To sounds confus'd behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,
12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
16 For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew Follow, follow
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Naue,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, full,
20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

6] *fayning*, 3. 49 *Heare*] *Heart* 4

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[P. 77]

[COL. 2]

24 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualliers to France
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew
 28 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 32 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the duellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chamlers goe off
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind *Erit*

26] *Ordinance* 4.34 *them*] *him* 3, 435] *ech*

[III 1]

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.**Alarum · Scaling Ladders at Harflew.*

King Once more vnto the Breach,
 Deare friends, once more,
 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead :
 4 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger :
 8 Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,
 Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect .
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 12 Like the Brafse Cannon let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
 O're-hang and lutty his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean
 16 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nothrill wide,

Scaling-Ladders 3
Scaling-Ladders 4

and Boy 3

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

[III. 2]

1] *heeres* 3*Nim* Before God here is hote seruice.*Pist* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die*Nim* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.*Boy* Would I were in London

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

[P 77]
[COL 2]

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe
 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument
 Dishonour not your Mothers · now attest,
 24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you
 Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to Warre And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lymes were made in England, shew vs here
 28 The mettell of your Pasture let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding which I doubt not
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.
 32 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot ·
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

*Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*18 *On, on, On,*
*Noblish*25 *me] men 4.*28] *mettel 3 mett'e 4*33] *a-foot 3. 4*

[III 2]

*Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.**Bard* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Lues
 4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist The plaine-Song is most iust for humors doe a-
 bound · Knocks goe and come Gods Vassals drop and
 8 dye and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame

Boy Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safete

Pist And

7] And I, if 2.
And I If 3

Pylt And I If wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie

9] Gods rascals,
Will, &c 2.

Enter Flewellen and beats them in.
Flew Godes plud vp to the breaches
 You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

Nim. Abate thy rage fweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

17] *Lute-case*, 3.

18] halfeþence 3

19] *fire-showell* 3

Boy. Well I would I were once from them :
 They would haue me as familiar [fol II 44-5]
 With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing
Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
 And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier shouell
 I knew by that, they meant to carry coales

8

12

16

20

[p 78]
[COL 1]

Pist. And I If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I hugh

16 *Boy* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges, auant you Cullions

20 *Pist* Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke Good Bawcock bate thy Rage vñe lenitie sweet Chuck

24 *Nim* These be good humors your Honor wins bad humors

Exit

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swafhers I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me, 28 for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man for *Bardolph*, hee is white-luer'd, and red-fac'd, by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword, by the 32 meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers lest a should be thought a Coward but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds, for 36 a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence 40 *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales They would

12] *if* 3, 4

14.] *hys* 3, 4.

17] *auant*

18] *Cullions* 4

40] *half-pence* 3 *half-Pence* 4

[fol ll 44-5, see Q° ll 14-16]

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them

and the] and 3

*Exit Nim, Baidolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.**Enter Gower*23] *Captaine**Gower* Gaptain *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

24

Flew Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines

the concaueties is otherwise.

You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd

Himselfe fve yades vnder the countermines

29] *Iesus* 3By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all

If there be no better direction

28

[p. 78]
[COL 1]

haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs
I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp

Exit.

Enter Gower

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
the Mynes, the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes for looke you, the Mynes
is not according to the disciplines of the Warre, the con-
cauities of it is not sufficient for looke you, th'athuer-
farre, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermynes by *Cheshu*,
I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direc-
tions.

56] are not of Warre

59] yards 4

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower I thinke it be

Welch By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will
verifie as much in his Beard he ha's no more directions
in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
Iamy, with him.

Welch Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous valorous Gen-
tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

73] marvellous 2
valorous 4

--	--

[p 78]

[COL 2]

76

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know-
ledge of his directions by *Chefhu* he will maintaine his
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

80

Welch Godden to your Worship, good Captaine
James.

Gower How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners guen o're?

84

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done the Worke ish
gue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat By my Hand
I fweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done
it ish gue ouer. I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
so Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill
done. by my Hand tish ill done

84] *Chrish, Law*, 4

88

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication partly to satisfie
my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of
my Mind as touching the direction of the Militarie dis-
cipline, that is the Point.

88] *saue me*, 4

92

Scot It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion
that fall I mary

91.] *voutsafe* 4

100

Irish It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes it is no time to discourse, the Town
is beseech'd and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and
we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all
so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

103] *Duke* . not 4

104

104] *calls* 3, 4

Alarum. Enter &c. 3.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolves the Gouvernour of the Towne ?
This is the latest parley weele admit .

[III 3]

[P 78]
[CCL 2]

done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa'me law

Scot. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it, ay, or goe to death and Ile pay't as valourously as I may, that sal I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation

Irish. Of my Nation? What is my Nation? Is a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall What is my Nation? Who talkes of my nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deruation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe so Christ saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre and there is an end. *Exit.*

[III 3]

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit

There-

112] *surely* 3. 4
112 *that is* om 3. 4

11] *guiltie, 2.*13] *succout 3*and *Alice 3*1.] *Alice 3* (and so
throughout).3] *Comen 2.*

What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Gouverneur.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege. therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensue now

12

16

Enter Katherine, Alice.

[III 4]

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,

Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.

[3. C 3]

Alice. La main madam de han.

4

[p. 79]
[COL. 1.]

4 Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men prowd of destruction,
Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
8 I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
12 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
16 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waite and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
20 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
24 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
28 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
32 Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your thrill-shriking Daughters:

14.] *stouring* 4.16.] *games*17. *all*] of 3, 4.26.] *Leuiathan*
26.] *a-shore* 3, 4.32.] *headdy* 2. *heady*, 3, 4.35.] *-shreiking* 3.
-shrieking 4.

[P 79]
[COL. 1]

Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 40 Doe breake the Clouds, as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and thus auoyd?
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouverneur.

44 *Gouer* Our expectation hath this day an end
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To rayse so great a Siege. Therefore great King,
 48 We yeeld our Towne and Lues to thy soft Mercy
 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates. Come Vnckle *Elster*,
 52 Goe you and enter Harflew, there remaine,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French.
 Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

[III. 4]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. *Alice*, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
 le Language.

Alice. *En peu Madame*

4 *Kath* Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-
 len. Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il s'appelle de Hand.43] *destroy'd* ? 41] *esté . parlois bien .*

4, 5] *m'enseigner (de
 m'enseigner 4) . . que
 j'apprenne parler
 Comment appelé . la
 main .*

6] *La . est appelé
 (appelé 2)*

8] Owyte

Kate E da bras.*Allce.* De arma madam.*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.*Allce.* Owy e madam.*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.*Allce.* De neck, e de cin, madam.*Kate* E de neck, e de cin, e de code*Allce.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.*Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.*Allce.* De elbo madam.*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy,ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon

19] vou . Angloy 3

Allce. Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Asie vous aues ettue en Englatara*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes,

Ie parle milleur

[P 79]
[COL 2]

8

*Kath. De Hand.**Alice. E le doyt**Kat. Le doyt, ma fuy le oultie, e doyt may, ie me souemeray le doyt ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.**Alice Le main de Hand, le doyt le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le lon escholier.**Kath. Fay gaynie deux mots d' Anglois vstement, coment appelle vous le ongles?**Alice Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.**Kath. De Nayles escoute. dites moy, si ie parle lien de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.**Alice. C'est lien dict Madame, il s' fort lon Anglois**Kath Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.**Alice. De Arme, Madame.**Kath E de coudee.**Alice D' Ellow.**Kath D' Ellow. Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.**Alice. Il s' trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense**Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, de Billow**Alice. D' Ellow, Madame.**Kath O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Ellow, coment appelle vous le col.**Alice. De Nick, Madame.**Kath. De Nick, e le menton.**Alice. De Chun.**Kath De Sin. le col de Nick, le menton de Sin**Alice. Ouy Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots aussi droit, que le Natifs d' Angleterre**Kath Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, s' en peu de temps.**Alice. N' aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a enigne.*

8] doyt

9, 10] Le doyt. le doyt,
m. 15 . . . souuendry le
a) t. a) elle de (des
4) fingres (finger 2)
11] La main. le doyt13] gaignt deux . com-
ment

14] appellé les ongles

15] Les ongles

16] escoutes.

17 e] om

18] dit . . il est

19] moyen Anglois le bras

21] le coude

23] . . m'en fait la repe-
tition de tous

24] m'avez . dés

25] Il est

27] d' Arme

29-30] comment appellé

31] Neck (so throughout).

32] s' le manton ([?] 3,
4)

34] manton

35] prononcies 2, 3 -ciés

36] aussi Natifs 3, 4

37] par la 2, 4 par le 3.

39] N' avez vous pas . .
ay enseigné (oublié 4)

24] *foot, . . . ven* 3

Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.

Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu ' Ie ne vew poinct parle,
 Sie plus deuant le che cheualres de franca,
 Pur one million ma foy

24

28] *ecoute* 3*Alice,* Madam, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill aufie, ecowte *Alice*, de han, de arma,
 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

28

31] *dinner* 2.*Alice.* Cet fort bon madam.*Kate.* Aloues a diner.*Exit omnes.*

Bourbon 3

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
 and Burbon*

[III 5]

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.3] (*The . luxury*) 3

Con. Mordeu ma via Shall a few spranes of vs, [2 C 3.v]
 The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

Outgrow their grafters.

4

Bur Normanesh, basterd Normanesh, mor du
 And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
 Ile fell my Dukedome

[P 79]
[COL. 2]

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ellow.

44 *Alice* Sans vostre honeus d'Ellow

Kath. Amfi de ie d'Ellow, de Nick, & de Sin coment appelle vous les pied & de rola.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

48 *Kath.* Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser. Le ne voudray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
52 *Foot & le Count*, neant moys, Le recitera vn autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Ellow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

56 *Kath.* C'est affés pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit

[III. 5]

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not lue in France: let vs quit all,

4 And gue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,

8 Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards

Mort du ma vie, if they march along

12 Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

40] Noname reciteray
41] de Nayles, Madame.

44] Sar 4. honneur

45] dis-je — de Elbow 3
comment.

46] -pellé

48] . ce sont des .

49 de son] om grosse] om

50] les Dames d'Honneur
voudrais prononcer
ces . (ven trois 3)

51] tout il faut le

52] neant moins . re-

citeray

53] ensemble

54] de Count 3, 4

56] assez . fois, allons
nous en disner

Exeunt.

11 du] de

To

7] (part of l 7, p 88)

for a foggy farne

In that short nooke Ile of England

Const. Why whence haue they this mettall?

Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde

On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?

Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades

Their sodden water decockt such luely blood?

And shall our quick blood spirited with wine

Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,

Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles

Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate

Sweate drops of youthfull blood

16] *Ice sickles* 2.*Icesickles* 3

17] (i. clymate) 3

Icesickles 3.

[p 80]
[COL 1]

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Conf *Dieu de Battailes*, where haue they this mettell?
16 Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despyght, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes Can foddren Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
20 Decoſt their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
24 Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields.
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

22] *for the honor* 3, 4.26] *we may call*

Dolphin By Faith and Honor,
28 Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ftore France with Baſtard Warriors
32 *Brit* They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loſtue Run-awayes
36 *King* Where is *Montroy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field
40 *Charles Delabreth*, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
44 *Beumont*, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,

39] *he* 441] *Duke* 442] *Burgondie*, 3, 443] *Vaudemont*,44] *Beaumont*, 3, 4

20] *goue* 2 (:) 321] *Rhone* 322 *do*] om 2.and *Flewellen* 3*King.* Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,

To know what willing raunsome he will giue?

Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.*Dol.* Not so I do beseech your Maiestie*King.* Well, I say it shalbe so.*Exeunt omnes.**Enter Gower.**Go* How now Captain *Flewellen*, / come you fro
the bridge?*Flew.* By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted
at $\frac{e}{y}$ bridge.*Gowr* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, / & I honor,

20

[III 6]

[p 80]

[COL. I]

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings,
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great thames
 48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
 With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew
 Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
 Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
 52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon
 Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
 And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
 Bring him our Prisoner.

56 *Const* This becomes the Great
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March.

58 *their*] *the* 3, 4

For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 60 Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare,
 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome

King Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montjoy*,
 And let him say to England, that we send,
 64 To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.
 Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan

Dolph Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie

66 *Not so, I*] *Not I, I*
3, 4

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt*

[III 6]

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
 and Fluellen*

Welch and English, 3, 4

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
 the Bridge?

4 *Flu*. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
 mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-*

	And I worship, with my soule, / and my heart, and my life, / And my lands and my liuinges, And my vttermoſt powers The Duke is looke you,	8
10 <i>very</i>] <i>ver</i> 2	/ God be praised and pleased for it, / no harme in the worrell /	
11] <i>Jeshu</i> 3	He is maintain the bridge very gallantly / there is an Enſigne There, / I do not know how you call him, / but by Ieſus I think	12
12 <i>a man</i>] <i>om</i> 3	He is as valient a man as <i>Marke Anthonie</i> , / he doth maintain the bridge moſt gallantly · / yet he is a man of no reckoning · But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruce. [10 C 4]	
	<i>Gouer</i> How do you call him?	
	<i>Flew</i> His name is ancient <i>Piſtoll</i> .	16
	<i>Gouer</i> I know him not	
	<i>Enter Ancient Piſtoll</i>	
	<i>Flew</i> Do you not know him, here comes the man.	
19] <i>a fauour</i> 3	<i>Piſt.</i> Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me fauour, The Duke of <i>Exeter</i> doth loue thee well. (his hands	20
	<i>Flew.</i> I, and I praife God I haue merited ſome loue at	
23-4] one line 3	<i>Piſt</i> <i>Bardolfe</i> a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,	
25] <i>God's</i> 3	Hath by furious fate And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele, That Godes blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone	23-4
	<i>Flew.</i> By your patience ancient <i>Piſtoll</i> ,	
	/ Fortune, looke you is painted, Plind / with a muſſer before her eyes, /	28
	To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plind :	
	And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele, Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,	32
	And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilitieſ	
	And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses	
36 <i>and</i>] <i>an</i>	Surely the Poet is make an excellēt deſcriptio of Fortune Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.	36
38] <i>hanged</i> 3.	<i>Piſt</i> Fortune is <i>Bardolfes</i> foe, and frowneſ on him, For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hanged muſt he be	

[p. 80]
[col. 2]

8 *memnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my foule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my luing,
and my vttermoſt power He is not, God be prayſed and
bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepe the Bridge
moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline There is an aunchient
12 Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee
him doe as gallant ſeruice.

16 *Gower*. What doe you call him ?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu Here is the man.

20 *Piſt.* Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well

Flu I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at
his hands

24 *Piſt* *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that
ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone

28 *Flu* By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*. Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muſſer afore his eyes, to ſignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde, and ſhee is painted alſo
32 with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that ſhee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles
in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription
36 of it Fortune is an excellent Morall

Piſt Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frowneſ on him
for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be. a damned

38 a damned] om a

A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,
 Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop
 But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, [40 C 4 v]
 For packs of pettie price .

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
 And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
 Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew Captain *Pistol*, I partly vnderstand your meaning

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew Certainly Antient *Pistol*, / tis not a thing to reioyce at, /
 For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions . / for look you,
 Disciplines ought to be kept, / they ought to be kept

Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.

Flew. That is very well. [Exit *Pistoll*.]

Pist I say the fig within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.

Fle Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder ?

Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flew By Iesus hees vtter as prauie words vpon the bridge
 As you shall desire to see in a fommers day, / but its all one,
 What he hath fed to me, / looke you, is all one /

Go Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue / that goes to the wars
 Onely to grace himselfe / at his returne to London . /
 And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commaunders names

They will learne by rote where seruices were done,

At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy who came off brauely, who was shot,
 Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.

And thus they con perfectly in phraze of warre,

53] a fig 3

62] but tis 3

72 con] can 2.

10

44

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

[p 80]
[col. 2]

40

death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
44 Penny-Cord, and vile reproach Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite

Flu. Aunchient *Pisoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning

48

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
52 tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well

Pist. The Figge of Spane. *Exit.*

56

Flu. Very good

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

60

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'ed as praue words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day but it is very
well what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue

64

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done,
68 at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on. and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

73] *tun'd* 3.75] *ale-washt* 278] *maruellously* 3

Enter

88. *like you now*] om. 3

Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, / & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, / and a horid shout of the campe / [74 D]
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on . but you must learne
To know such flaunders of this age,
Or el se you may maruellously be mistooke

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, / looke you,
That I did take him to be . / but when time shall serue,

I shall tell him a litle / of my desires here comes his Maiestie

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great . but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew :
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, / & his fire out /

[p. 81]
[COL. I]

vp with new-tuned Oathes · and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

76

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower* I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde · hearken you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

80

Drum and Colours Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleesse your Maiestie.

84

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintam'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau passages · marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prau man.

88

King What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

92

Flu The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great · marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and wheelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his hippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

100

76 be be 4

81 hearken hear 3, 4
is his 4.

86 has 3, 4

96] *here we* 3.

99] *vþbraided* 3.

the *French* 3

104-5.] one line 3

110] *our folly*, 2

King. We would haue all offenders fo cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages / but paid for,
None of the French abused, /
Or abraided with disdainfull language
For when cruelty and lentie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herauld

Hera You know me by my habit

Kl. Well thō, we know thee, / what shuld we know of thee? /

Hera. My maisters minde

King Vnfold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse [107 D v]
Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.

Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance Which to raunfome,

His pettinesse would bow vnder
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake ·
/ For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling / at our feete, a weake and w oithlesse satisfaction /
To this, adde defyaunce /

/ So much from the king my maister. /

[p 81]
[COL I]

104 *King* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for none of the French
vpbrayded or abused in disdaineful Language, for when
108 Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy

Mountioy You know me by my habit

King. Well then, I know thee what shall I know of
thee?

112 *Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

King Vnfold it

116 *Mountioy* Thus sayes my King Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe.
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q and our voyce is im-
120 periall. England shall repent his folly, see his weake-
nesse, and admire our sufferance Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
124 haue digested, which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effusion of our blood, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his
128 owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't. So farre my King and Master;
132 so much my Office

107] *Leuity*115 *did*] *bid* 2124] *digested* 2.

120 *thy* the 2123-4] *Though . . van-*
*ta, 2, 3*126] *lessened,*131.] *God forgive me, 3*132. *This* om 3
haire are 3140] *there's 3*141 *our* your 2.143 *will* shall 2*King* What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.*Herald Montjoy.**King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,And tell thy *King*, I do not seeke him now .

But could be well content, without impeach,

To march on to *Callis* for to say the sooth,

Though tis no wisdom to confesse so much

Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage.

My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeeble,

My Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,

Almost no better then so many French :

Who when they were in heart, I tell thee *Herauld*,

I thought vpon one paire of English legges,

Did march three French mens

Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus .

This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me

I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,

My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,

My Army but a weake and sickly garde.

Yet God before, we will come on,

If *France* and such an other neighbour

stood in our way

If we may passe, we will . if we be hindered,

We shal your tawny ground with your red discolour

So *Montjoy* get you gone, there is for your paines :

The sum of all our answere is but this,

We would not seeke a battle as we are :

[142 D. 2]

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herauld. I shall deliuer so thanks to your Maestie.*Glof.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

[p. 81]
[COL. 2]*King.* What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.*Mount. Mountroy.**King* Thou doo'st thy Office fairely Turne thee back,

136 And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,

But could be willing to march on to Callice,

Without impeachment. for to say the footh,

Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much

140 Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,

My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd. and those few I haue,

Almost no better then so many French;

144 Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,

I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,

That I doe bragge thus, this your ayre of France

148 Hath blowne that vice in me I must repent

Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am,

My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke,

My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard

152 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountroy.*

Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.

156 If we may passe, we will. if we be hindred,

We shall your tawne ground with your red blood

Discolour and so *Mountroy*, fare you well

The summe of all our Answer is but this.

160 We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it

So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall dehuer so Thankes to your Highnesse.164 *Glouc.* I hope they will not come vpon vs now.144. *three*] *the* 3

148.] Exit 3 (Ital)

and Gebon 3

8 a the] of the 3

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Conftable, Orleance, Gebon.

Conft. Tut I haue the beft armour in the world

Orleance You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horfe haue his due.

Burbon Now you talke of a horfe, / I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the fun, / nothing but pure ayre and fire, /
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

[See lines
5-6 above]

148

[III 7]

4

8

[p 81]

[COL. 2]

168

[III. 7]

King We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :

March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,

Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,

And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*

Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Ramlurs,

Orleance, Dolphyn, with others

Orleans, 4.

Conſt. Tut, I haue the beſt Armour of the World.
would it were day.

4

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour but let my
Horſe haue his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orleance Will it neuer be Morning?

8

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
ſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleance You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World

12

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horſe with any that treades but on foure poſtures ·
ch'ha he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres. *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narnes de*
feu. When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke. he trots
the ayre · the Earth ſings, when he touches it · the beſt
horne of his hoofe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

12] *paſternes*

14] *volant,*

16

Orleance Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

20

Dolph And of the heat of the Ginger It is a Beaſt
for *Perſeus* · hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient ſtillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horſe, and all other lades you may call
Beaſts.

24

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all

11 *the*] om 2

12 Wonder of nature]

Ital 2

13] *haue haue* 2

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Miftresse

Burb. Why then did they immitate / that
Which I writ in praise of my horse, /
For my horse is my miftresse.

18] *me-thought* 3.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your miftresse shooke you shrewdly.

12

16

[p 82
[COL. I.]

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

25 *Dolph* It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

32 *Dolph* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
36 and my Horse is argument for them all 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
40 and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

44 *Dolph.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well

48 *Dolph.* Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours

52 *Const.* Mine was not bridled

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers

56 *Const.* You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then they that ride so, and

34] *Threame* 239] *a-part* 3 *a-part* 447 *Dolph*] Well 255 *your*] *you* 3, 4

23 *had had} had*

Bur. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

20

Con I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a fow to my mistresse.

Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of anything.

24

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

27] *to 2.*

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,

And my way shalbe paued with English faces. [28 D 2 v] 28

30.] *out-faced 3.*

Con By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way. .

[For fol lines 36-9, see Q^o lines 52-6]

Exit 3. (*Ital*)

Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning

32

[p. 82]
[COL 1]

60

ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as lue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

64

Conſt. I could make as true a boalt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiffement eſt la leuee lauee au lourtier:* thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

68

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72

Conſt. Starres my Lord

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want

76

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmoun-
ted

80

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his de-
fert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

84

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out
of my way but I would it were morning, for I would
faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
Prifoners?

88

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you
haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe.

Exit.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

61 lue] lue 3. 4.

66] -né . . vomissement,

86 to] om 3. 4

[86-9, see Qo 11 52-5, p.
xio]

35] *neuer neuer 2*

37.] *theras 2, there s 3*

45] *of 2.*
Or. I he longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes.

Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,

With there is flattery in friendship.

Or O fir, I can answere that,

With gree the diuel his due

Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,

With a Iogge of the diuel

Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con Doing his actiutie, and heele stil be doing.

Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.

Or. Whose that?

Con Why he told me so himselfe .

And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before you haue them.

[fol 11 86

87

88

89]

[For fol 120-1, see Qto 40-1]

[p 82]
[COL 2]

Ramb He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
lant Prince.

96 *Conf.* Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the
Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France

100 *Conf.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name still.

104 *Orleance* I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

108 *Conf.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
car'd not who knew it

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.

112 *Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is neuer any body saw
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.

Orleance Ill will neuer sayd well

116 *Conf.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flattere
in friendship

Orleance And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due

120 *Conf.* Well plac't there stands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.

124 *Orleance* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Enter a Meffenger.

Meff. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent

56

Con. Who hath meafured the ground?

Meff. The Lord *Granpeere*.

60. a. an] & an 2 an 3.

Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

60

Come, come away :

[61-2, see Fol IV 11 63-4]

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day

Exit omnes.

[62 D. 3.]

[p. 82]
[col. 2]*Const.* You haue shot ouer.*Orleance.* 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.*Enter a Messenger.*

128 *Mess.* My Lord high Conftable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath meafur'd the ground?*Mess.* The Lord *Grandpree*.

132 *Const.* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

136 *Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuisf fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
fo farre out of his knowledge.

135] *fellowes* 2

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away

140 *Orleance.* That they lack for if their heads had any in-
tellectual Armour, they could neuer weare fuch heaue
Head-pieces.

140] *weare any such* 3, 4

144 *Ramb.* That Hand of England breedes very valiant
Creatures, their Mistifes are of vnmatchable cou-
rage

148 *Orleance.* Foolish Curses, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Ruffian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
like rotten Apples. you may as well say, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

148] *dare to eate* 3, 4

152 *Const.* Iust, iust. and the men doe sympathize with
the Mastifes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leaung their Wits with their Wiues. and then gne
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele, they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Denils

Orleance. I,

[p 83]
[COL. 1]

156

Orleanse. I, but these English are shrowdly out of
Beefe

155] *shrewdly*

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight Now is it time to
arme come, shall we about it ?

160

Orleanse It is now two a Clock but let me see, by ten
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men *Exeunt*

161] *Englishmen*

[IV]

*Actus Tertius**Chorus*

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerſe
4 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army fully sounds,
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
8 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare and from the Tents,
12 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Ruets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle
16 And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,

[p 83]
[COL. I]

20 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice,
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger and their gesture sad,
Inuestung lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Countenances,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this run'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head
32 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night.
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes
A Largeesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
48 And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

35 *has] this*46] *define,*

[p. 53]
[col. 2]

The Name of Agncourt Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee
Exit

[IV. 1]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester

King *Gloster*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be
God morrow Brother *Bedford* God Almightye,
4 There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early furrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry
8 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all, admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
12 And make a Morall of the Duell himselfe

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France
16 *Erping* Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King 'Tis good for men to loue their present pames,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased
20 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie
24 Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe,
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

3] *Good morrow* 3, 4.18] *paine*,23] *celerity* 3, 4

the om 2

Enter the King dyguised, to him Pistoll.

[IV. 1]

Pist Ke ve la?*King* A friend

3] thou a 3

Pist Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

4

King No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company*Pist* Trailes thou the puissant pike?*King* Euen so fir What are you?*Pist* As good a gentleman as the Emperour

8

King O then thou art better then the King?*Pist* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.11 *Pist*] om*Pist* A lad of life, an impe of fame

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

12

I kis his durtie shoe and from my hart strings

I loue the lonely bully What is thy name?

King. *Harry le Roy**Pist* Le Roy, a Cornish man

16

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King No fir, I am a Wealchman*Pist* A Wealchman knowst thou *Flewellen*?*King* I fir, he is my kinsman.

20

[p. 83]
[COL. 2]

28

Desire them all to my Pavilion

Gloster. We shall, my Liege*Erping.* Shall I attend your Grace?*King.* No, my good Knight

32

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England

I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble*Harry.* *Ereunt**King.* God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest cheerefully
Enter Pistol

36

Pylt. *Che vous la?**King.* A friend*Pylt.* Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

40

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company*Pylt.* Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?*King.* Euen so what are you?*Pylt.* As good a Gentleman as the Emperor

44

King. Then you are a better then the King*Pylt.* The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant. I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-
string I loue the louely Bully What is thy Name?

48

King. *Harry le Roy**Pylt.* *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name art thou of Cornish Crew?*King.* No, I am a Welchman.

52

Pylt. Know'st thou *Fluellen?**King.* Yes*Pylt.* Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. *Dauies* day

56

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, leaft he knock that about yours

40 am a] am 4

44 a] om 4

57] lest 3. 4.

Pist Art thou his friend?

Kin I fir

Pist. Figa for thee then my name is *Pistoll*

Kin. It firts well with your fierceneffe

Pist *Pistoll* is my name

Exit Pistoll

24

Enter Gower and Flewellen

Gour Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew In the name of Iesu speake lower

It is the greateft folly in the worell, when the auncient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You fhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there

[31 D 3 v]

But you fhall finde the cares, and the feares,

And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

28

32

Gour. Why the enemy is loud you heard him all night

Flew Godes follud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be alfo / a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, / in your conscience now ? /

36

Gour. Ile speake lower.

Flew I befeech you do, good Captaine *Gour*

Exit Gower, and Flewellen

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this

40

Enter three Souldiers

27] *Jeshu* 2
lower 3

31] *bibble* *brabble* 3

[P 84]
[COL. I]

Pist Art thou his friend?

King And his Kinsman too

60 *Pist* The *Figo* for thee then

King. I thanke you God be with you

Pist My name is *Pistol* call'd *Exit.*

King. It ferts well with your fiercenesse

Manet King

Enter Fluellen and Gower

64 *Gower* Captaine *Fluellen*

Flu 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer it
is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when
the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the
68 Warres is not kept if you would take the paines but to
examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde,
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-
ble in *Pompeyes* Campe I warrant you, you shall finde
72 the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
the Formes of it, and the Sobriete of it, and the Modestie
of it, to be otherwise.

Gower Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all
76 Night

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a pra-
ting Coxcombe, is it meet, thinke you, that wee should
also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
combe, in your owne conscience now?

80 *Gow* I will speake lower

Flu I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
84 There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams*

67] *unaccount 4*

70-1] *tiddle* *babble*
3. 4

1. *Soul* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no

44

3. *Soul*. Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

48] *good* 3

King. Now masters god morrow, what cheare ?

48

50] *day to an end* 3.

3 *S*. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende

52 *be*] om 2
such] om 3

King Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *S*. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

52

54. *as to*] *as vnto* 3

King Nay say not so, he is a man as we are
The Violet smells to him as to vs

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do

[p. 34.]
[COL. I]

Court Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning
which breakes yonder?

88 *Bates* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
defire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it Who goes
there?

92 *King*. A Friend

Williams Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*

96 *Williams* A good old Commander, and a most kinde
Gentleman - I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be waift off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 *King* No nor it is not meet he should for though I
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me, the Element
shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but
104 humane Conditions his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-
kednesse he appeares but a man, and though his affec-
tions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe,
they stoupe with the like wing therefore, when he sees
108 reason of feares, as we doe, his feares, out of doubt, be of
the same relish as ours are yet in reason, no man should
possesse him with any appearance of feare, least hee, by
shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army

112 *Bates* He may shew what outward courage he will
but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with him-
selfe in Thames vp to the Neck, and so I would he were,
and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here

116 *King* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

110] *lest* 3, 4

2 Sol. But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make, 56
If his cause be not good when all those foules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some fwearing 60
Some their wiues rawly left
Some leauing their children poore behind them

[62 D 4]

Now if his cause be bad, / I think it will be a greuous matter
(to him /

[Fol 144-6, see Quarto 69, 70, 71]

King. Why so you may say, if a man fend his seruant 64
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,

[D. 81]
[COL 2]

King I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where,
but where hee is

120 *Bates.* Then I would he were here alone, so should he be
sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lues liued

King I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to with him
here alone howsoeuer you speake this to feele other
124 mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-
tented, as in the Kings company, his Cause being iust, and
his Quarrell honorable

Williams That's more then we know

128 *Bates* I, or more then wee should seeke after, for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs

132 *Williams* But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-
136 geon, some vpon their Wines, left poore behind them,
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile for how can they chauntably dispose of any
140 thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it, who to disobey, were against all pro-
portion of subiection.

144 *King* So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea, the im-
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-
posed vpon his Father that sent him or if a Seruant, vn-
148 der his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo-
ney, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

119] om

136] Surgeon,

139 a] om

142] whom 3, 4

68] *mis-fortune*

You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants mistortune
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation

68

72.] *seruant, 3*

But the master is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects
For they purpose not their deaths, / whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift / of premeditated (uices /
Murder on them /
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguling maydens

72

76

78] *out-strap 3*

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel War is Gods vengeance

80

Euery mans seruice is the kings
But euery mans soule is his owne
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made

84

[p 84]
[col. 2]

152 Iniquities, you may call the businesse of the Master the
 author of the Seruants damnation but this is not so
 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
 of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
 of his Seruant, for they purpose not their death, when
 they purpose their seruices Besides, there is no King, be
 156 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre-
 ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul-
 diers some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of
 premeditated and contriued Murther, some, of begui-
 160 ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie, some,
 making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go-
 red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-
 rie Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-
 164 runne Nature punishment, though they can out-strip
 men, they haue no wings to flye from God Warre is
 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance so that here men
 are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 168 now the Kings Quarrell where they feared the death,
 they haue borne life away, and where they would bee
 safe, they perish Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-
 172 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
 now visited. Euery Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but
 euery Subjects Soule is his owne Therefore should
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 176 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience and
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage, or not dying,
 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 gayned and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
 180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
 lue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 how they should prepare.

175 *loc*] om 4*Will 'Tis*

88] 3 Soul 2, 3

89] is or 3

92 , he] om 3

93] 2 Sol 2
2 Soul 3100] you are an asse 2,
you are a nasse 3

105] Here's 3

107.] Here 2

108] And ile assure 2

3 Lord Yfaith he saies true

Euery mans fault on his owne head,

I would not haue the king answere for me

Yet I intend to fight lustily for him

King Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.

2 L I he said fo, to make vs fight

But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,

And we neuer the wiser

King If I lue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe

[96 D 4 v]

2 Sol Mas youle pay him then, / tis a great displeasure

That an elder / gun, can do against a cannon, /

Or a subiect against a monarke

Youle nere take his word again, your a naiffe goe

King Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter

Were it not at this time I could be angry

2 Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt

King. How shall I know thee?

2 Sol Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee

Kin Here is likewise another of mine,

And assure thee ile weare it

88

92

96

100

104

108

[p. 85]
[COL. I]

184

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon
his owne head, the King is not to answer it

183] *ill is r'f. n 4*184] *for it 3, 4*

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
yet I determine to fight lustily for him

188

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
ransom'd

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully but
when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
ne're the wiser.

192

King If I hue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af-
ter

196

Will. You pay him then that's a perillous shot out
of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure
can doe against a Monarch you may as well goe about
to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
Peacocks feather You'le neuer trust his word after,
come, 'tis a foolish saying

194 *out] our 4*195 *and a] a om 3, 4*198] *after, 2, 3, (!) 4.*

200

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should
be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

201 *were] om 4*

Will Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you
hue.

204

King I embrace it

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

208

King. Gue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
in my Bonnet Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
I will make it my Quarrell

Will Heere's my Gloue Gue mee another of
thine

212

King. There.

Will This will I also weare in my Cap if euer thou
come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare

214 *take] give 3, 4*

King If euer I hue to see it, I will challenge it.

2 *Sol* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd

III] *more* 3

3 *Sol* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels now in hand
We haue no need of English broyles

III 2

Kin Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himfelfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers

[p. 85]
[COL. I]*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd*King* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie*Will* Keepe thy word. fare thee well220 *Bates* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.
Exit Souldiers.

Exeunt

224 *King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper228 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King
We must beare all.231 *We*] *He* 3. 4232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
236 That priuate men enioy ?235] *heart-ease* 3. 4And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie ?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?
240 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers
What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth244 What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men ?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
248 Then they in fearing244] *Soul* 3. 4 *Adoration* ?

[P 85]
[COL 2]

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage fit set,
 But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
 And bid thy Ceremonie gve thee cure
 252 Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
 With Titles blowne from Adulation?
 Will it gve place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
 256 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
 That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 I am a King that find thee. and I know,
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 260 The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 The farfed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on. nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 264 That beates vpon the high shore of this World
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie,
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiefticall,
 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue
 268 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 272 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
 Sleepes in *Elizum* next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horfe,
 And followes so the euer-running yeere
 276 With profitable labour to his Graue
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King
 280 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 Enioyes it, but in grosse braine little wots,

254 Will] It ill 2

257 That] Thou 3, 4

265] Ceremonies,

272] *Phebus* 4274] *Hiperion*

Enter to the 3

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.*

117] *opposed* 2118] *appale* 3119] *too* . *too* 0 3

K O God of battels feele my fouldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of rekconing,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage

116

O not to day, not to day ô God,

Thinke on the fault my father made,

120

In compassing the crowne

I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,

And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood

124

A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

[125 E]

Which euery day their withered hands hold vp

To heauen to pardon blood,

And I haue built two chanceries,

128

more wil I do

Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster

Glost My Lord

King. My brother *Glosters* voyce

Glost My Lord, the Army staves vpon your prefence.

132

King Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,

The day my friends, and all things staves for me

134] *day,*

[p. 85]
[COL 2]

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace,
Whose howres, the Peasant best aduantages

Enter Erpingham

284 *Erp* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent Ile be before thee

288 *Erp* I shall doo't, my Lord *Erit*

King O God of Battailes, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers

291 *th'* the 3, 4

292 Pluck their hearts from them Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne
I *Richards* body haue interred new,

296 And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood

Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood

And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still

For *Richards* Soule More will I doe

304 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth,
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon

Enter Gloucester

Glouc My Liege

308 *King.* My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

308 *I* om 3, 4

Exeunt.

[p. 86]
[COL. 1]*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramlurs, and
Beaumont**Orleance* The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
Lords1] *Armour, up* 2, 3. *Armour, up*, 4*Dolph.* Monte Cheual My Horſe, Verlot Lacquay
Ha3 *Verlot*] *Valet**Orleance* Oh braue Spirit4 *Dolph* *Via les eues & terre**Orleance* Rien puis le air & feu.*Dolph* Cien, Couſin *Orleance* *Enter Conſtable*6] *Cien* 3, 4.

Now my Lord Conſtable?

8 *Conſt* Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice
neigh.*Dolph.* Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage ha12 *Ram* What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?*Enter Meſſenger.**Meſſeng* The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French
Peeres16 *Conſt.* To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
20 Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport Let vs but blow on them,
24 The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them
'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacques, and our Peſants,21] *Curtle-ax* 423] *them* 425] *'gainst*
25] *exception* 3, 4

[P 86]
[COL. 1]

28

Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme
 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe,
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Baſis by,
 Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation
 32 But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done then let the Trumpets ſound
 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount
 36 For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
 That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld

Enter Graundpree

Grandpree Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?
 Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,
 40 Ill-fauouredly become the Morning field
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe,
 And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.
 Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banquet in their begger'd Hoſt,
 44 And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes
 The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
 With Torch-ftaues in their hand and their poore Iades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips
 48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 Lyes ſoule with chaw'd-graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe
 And their executors, the knauiſh Crowes,
 52 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words,
 To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile,
 In life ſo lueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe
 56 *Conſt.* They haue ſaid their prayers,
 And they ſtay for death.

Dolph Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,

40] *Ill-fauouredly* 3
Ill-fauor'dly 4

47] *drooping the hide*

50] *chaw'd graſſe*

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

[IV. 3]

2] *There's . . are all* 3

War. My Lords the French are very strong.

Exe There is five to one, and yet they all are fresh

War Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

Sal The oddes is all too great.

Farewell kind Lords

4

7] *Cla. . . Lords,* 3

Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,

My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell

Clar Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

8

9] *true*

Enter the King 2

Enter King

War. O would we had but ten thousand men

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England

King Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick* ?

12

[p 86]

[COL. 2]

60

And grue their fasting Horses Prouender,

And after fight with them?

Confi I stay but for my Guard on

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vie it for my haste Come, come away,

64

The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day *Ereunt.*

[IV. 3]

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham**with all his Host Salisbury, and**Wesmerland.**Glouc* Where is the King?*Bedf* The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-
taile*West* Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou-
sand

4

Eze There's five to one, besides they all are fresh*Salisb* Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes

God buy' you Princes all, Ile to my Charge

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen,

8

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee.

12

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour

Eze Farwell kind Lord fight valiantly to day*Bedf* He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

16

Princely in both

*Enter the King**West* O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day

20

King What's he that wishes so?

4] Eze 4

13] fam'd

24 27] *out-lives* 3

Gods will, I would not loofe the honour
 One man would fhare from me, || Not for my Kingdome.
 No faith my Coufen, with not one man more,
 Rather proclaime it prefently through our campe,
 That he that hath no ftomacke to this feaft,
 Let him depart, his pafport fhall bee drawne,
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purfe,
 We would not die in that mans company,
 That feares his fellowfhip to die with vs
 This day is called the day of Cryfpin,
 He that outlives this day, and fees old age,
 Shall ftand a tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rowfe him at the name of Cryfpin.
 He that outlives this day, and comes fafe home,
 Shall yearely on the vygill feaft his friends,
 And fay, to morrow is S. Cryfpines day
 Then fhall we in their flowing bowles
 Be newly remembred *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Glofter*,
Warwick and *Yorke*
 Familiar in their mouthes as houfhhold words.

[20 E v]

16

20

24

28

32

[p 35]
[COL 2]

My Cousin *Wylmerland*. No, my faire Cousin
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey, Life and if to live,
 24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour
 Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more
 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost
 28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare,
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires
 But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule alive
 32 No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England
 Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me,
 For the beſt hope I haue. O, doe not with one more
 36 Rather proclaime it (*Wylmerland*) though my Hoſt,
 That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,
 And Crowne for Conuoy put into his Purſe
 40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs
 This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*
 He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
 44 Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowle him at the Name of *Criſpian*.
 He that ſhall ſee this day, and live old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours,
 48 And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*
 Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his ſkarres
 Old men forget, yet all ſhall be forgot
 But hee'll remember, with aduantages,
 52 What feaſts he did that day Then ſhall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

33] *loſe 2, 4*34] *is e-ther 45 3, 4*50] *ſhall not be*

Harry

36] *doome*, 340] *brother*. *Be* 3

46, 47 *And . . . speake*
They were not there,
when any speakes 3 (one
 line)
 48. *Sunt*] S. 3.

56] *King*. Why—catch-
 word but omitted top of
 page 1, and omitted 2, 3,
 though not at top of
 page.

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
 And from this day, vnto the generall doome
 But we in it shall be remembred
 We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
 For he to day that sheds his blood by mine,
 Shalbe my brother be he nere so base,
 This day shall gentle his condition
 Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurst,
 And hold their manhood cheape,
 While any speake / that fought with vs
 Vpon Saint Crispines day. /
Glost My gracious Lord,
 The French is in the field.

Kin Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King Thou dost not with more help fro England couen'

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, might fight this battle out. [55 E 2]
 Why well said. That doth please me better,
 Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
 God be with you all

Enter the Herald from the French
Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
 What thou wilt gree for raunfome'

36

40

44

48

52

56

60

[p. 57]
[col. 1]

56 *Harry* the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Tallot*, *Saunders* and *Gloucester*,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered
 This story shall the good man teach his sonne
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
 From this day to the ending of the World,
 60 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother be he ne're so vile,
 64 This day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here,
 And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
 68 That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day

Enter Salisbury.

Sal My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed
 The French are brauely in their battailes set,
 And will with all expedience charge on vs
 72 *King* All things are ready, if our minds be so
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
 Couze
 76 *West.* Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile
King Why now thou hast vnwisht fise thousand men
 Which likes me better, then to wish vs one
 You know your places. God be with you all.

Tucket Enter Montjoy

80 *Mont* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
 If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured Querthrow

64] *gentile* 465] *a-bed* 3, 4.68] *Crispian's* 475] *God* 3, 4

Kim Who hath sent thee now ?

Her The Constable of *France*

Kim I piethy beare my former answer backe
 Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones
 Good God, why should they mock good fellows
 The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus ?
 While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

68 4] *An.* 3

Finde graues within your realme of *France*

Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
 For there the Sun shall greete them,
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme
 The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*
 Marke then abundant valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
 Breakes forth into a second course of mischief, e,
 Killing in relaps of mortalitie
 Let me speake proudly,

Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
 Good argument I hope we shall not flye

64

68

72

76

80

[P 87]
[COL 1]

84 Thou needs must be enghatted Besides, in mercy
The Countable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retire
85 From off these fields where(wretches)their poore bodies
Must lie and fester

King Who hath sent thee now ?

Mons^r The Countable of France.

92 *King* I pray thee beare my former Answer back
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
96 While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Nature Graues vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse lue in Braile of this dayes worke
100 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghill,
They shall be fam'd for there the Sun shall greet them
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France
Marke then abounding valour in our English
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
108 Breake out into a second course of muchiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie
Let me speake proudly . Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day
112 Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye

107] *grasing,*112] *be-smyrcht* 3. 4

82] *flouendry.* 2

83] *hearts within are trim*
2

85] *They'l* 3

89 *soone*] om. 2.

93. *am*] *um* 3.

95 Her] Hor 2

And time hath worne vs into flouendry.

But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,

And my poore fouldiers tel me, yet ere night

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke

The gay new cloathes ore your French fouldiers eares,

And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,

As if it please God they shall,

Then shall our ranfome soone be leuied. [89. E 2. v]

Saue thou thy labour Herauld

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld.

They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones :

Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,

Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deluer so

Exit Herauld.
Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kn. Take it braue *Yorke.* / Come fouldiers lets away : /
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

[In the Qq the following scene is preceded by
next, "*Enter the foure French Lords*", and
begins page E 3 v]

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.
Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

84

88

92

96

[IV. 4]

[P 37]
[COL. 2]

And time hath worne vs into flouerie.
 But by the Maile, our hearts are in the trim
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in freisher Robes, or they will pluck
 120 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of seruice If they doe this,
 As if God please, they shall, my Ranfome then
 Will soone be leuyed
 124 Herauld, saue thou thy labour -
 Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
 They shall haue none, I sweare, but theie my ioyns
 Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
 128 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable
Mont I shall, King *Harry* And so fare thee well
 Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more *Exit*
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
 Ranfome

Enter Yorke.

132 *Yorke* My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
 The leading of the Vaward

King. Take it, braue *Yorke.*

Now Souldiers march away,
 136 And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt*

[IV. 4]

*Alarum Excursions.**Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy**Pist.* Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de lon qua-*
litee.

4 *Pist.* Qualitie calme cature me. Art thou a Gentle-
 man? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.**Pist.* O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman per-

130] shall 3.

2.] Gentil-home . . . bone

3] qualite

4] Qualitey 4

2] *Monfieur* 3, and so 1
rest of sc ut

French O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy
Pist Moy thall not ferue I will haue fortie moys

4. *him* om 3

5] *elle*, 2

Boy aske him his name

Boy Comant ettes vous apelles ?

French. Monfier Fer.

Boy. He faies his name is Master Fer

Pist Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him

Boy difcus the fame in French

Boy Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Pist Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throat

Boy Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votie gage

Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la goige

Vnleffe thou gue to me egiegiours raunfome, dye

One poynt of a foxe

French Qui dit ill monfiere

Ill ditye fi vou ny vouty pa domy luy

Boy La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres

French O Iee vous en pui petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee doneees pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France*.

Pist What fayer he boy ?

10, 11] one line 3

11] *ferke* 2 *fearke* 3

13] *couple votre gorge* 3

14] *Onye* 3

14 *ma*] *may* 2

16] In Italics 2

19] *voutueres* 3

20] *Ie* *petit* 3

21] *capitaine*

22] *tee*

4

8

12

16

20

24

[p. 87]
[col 2]

pend my words O Signeur Dewe, and rinde O Signeur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Foyle, except O Signeur
thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome

French O prenez my recordie aye puez de moy

12 *Pylt.* Moy shall not ferar, I will haue fortie Moyes for
I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of
Crimson blood

French Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras

16 *Pylt.* Braffe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer ft me Braffe?

French O pardonne moy

Pylt. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
20 Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his
Name

Boy Escoute comment esies vous appelle?

French Mounseur le Fer.

24 *Boy* He sayes his Name is M Fer

Pylt. M Fer. Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him
discusse the same in French vnto him

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
28 firke

Pylt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat

French. Que dit il Mounseur?

Boy Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
32 prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppez vostre
goige.

Pylt. Owy, cuppele goige permafoy pesant, vuleisse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes, or mangled shalt
36 thou be by this my Sword.

French O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu ma par-
donner, Je suis le Gentilhomme de lon maison, gar de ma vie, &c Je
vous donneray deux cent escus

40 *Pylt.* What are his words?

Boy. He

11] prenez - corde
avez patte

13] rym 4

15] Est-il la force 2,
3. 4 impossible 3. 4.

18] pardonne

22] appelle

23] Monsieur

24-5] M^r 4

30] dit-il Monsieur?

31 a] de
vous faite vous] vous
vous teniez

32] couper

34] parmafoy

37 ma] me

38 le] om . bonne

Boy Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
Houfe, of *France*: and for his ranfome,
He will giue you 500 crownes.

Pist. My fury fhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.

28

And as I fuck blood, I will fome mercie fhew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

[In Qq. the following scene precedes the last above.]

Enter the foure French Lords.

[IV. 5]

[p. 88]
[COL. I.]

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

44 *Pist* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren Petit Monsieur que dit il?

48 *Boy.* Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement

52 *Fre.* Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et Je me estime heurux que Je intombe, entre les main d'un Cheualier Je peuse le plus laue valiant et tres dyigne signeur d'Angleterre.

Pist Expound vnto me boy

56 *Boy.* He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath saue into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England

60 *Pist.* As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew Follow mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine?

64 I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart but the saying is true, The empty vessell makes the greatest found, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring duell with olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes

Exit.

[V. 5]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

46] dit-il 2 dit-ill 3, 4.

47] est contre

48-9] prisonnier. neant-moins escus. . . luy prometiez (promettez 2, 3) . . . de vous donner la . . . de franchise

50-3] ie vous donne . . . remerciement, & ie . . . heur eux . . . ne tombe . . . maans . . . ie pense . . . destiné

55] his] is 3

56] and he] and

61] Sauve 2. Saue 3, 4.

Capitaine' 3, 4.

62] full] woofull

63] saying] song

70.] prey

2] *Mordu* 2

Ge O diabello
Conft Mor du ma vie.
Or O what a day is this '
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft

4

5] *enow* 3.

Con We are inough yet liuing in the field,
 To smother vp the English,
 If any order might be thought vpon.

8 *the*] *om* 2

Bur A plague of order, once more to the field,
 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
 Why leaft by a flauie no gentler then my dog,
 His faireft daughter is contamuracke

8

11] *base*

Con. Diforder that hath fpoyle vs, might vs now,
 Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our liues
 Vnto thefe English, or elfe die with fame.

12

Come, come along,
 Lets dye with honour, our fhame doth laft too long.

16

. . . *King* with *his* . . .
 and 2 *King*,
his Nobles, and 3

Exit omnes. [E 3]
Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll

[IV 6]

2] *as not done, the*
French keeps still 3

King What the French retire' [1 E 3 v]
 Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace

[p 55]
[col 1]*Con* O Diable.*Orl* O, *signeur* le iour et perdia, toute et perdie2] *signeur*, (et) &, (et) &*Dol* *Mor* *Dieu* ma vie, all is confounded all,3] *Mort* 3.

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes

*A short Alarum**O meschante Fortune*, do not runne away*Con* Why all our rankes are broke.8 *Dol*, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues,

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ?

Orl Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome ?10] *to**Bur* Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

12 dye] *flye*And he that will not follow *Builon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

16] Whilst by a

His fairest daughter is contaminated

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our lues

20 *Orl* We are enow yet liuing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng,

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long

Exit

[IV. 6]

Alarum Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners*King* Well haue we done, thrice-vaillant Countymen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field1] *thrice valiant* 4.*Exe* The D of York commends him to your Maiessty

	King Liues he good Vnckle, twife I fawe him downe, Twife vp againe. From helmet to the fpurre, all bleeding ore.	4
9] <i>Yoake-fellow</i> 3 10 <i>also</i>] om 2	Exe In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye, Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide, Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds, The noble Earle of <i>Suffolke</i> alfo lyes.	8
11 <i>hasted</i>] <i>wounded</i> 3. 12] <i>lay all fteep</i> 3	<i>Suffolke</i> firft dyde, and <i>Yorke</i> all hafted ore, Comes to him where in blood he lay fteept, And takes him by the beard, kifles the gafhes That bloodily did yane vpon his face, And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin <i>Suffolke</i> My foule fhall thine keep company in heauen Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to reft And in this glorious and well foughten field, We kept together in our chiualdry Vpon thefe words I came and cheerd them vp, He tooke me by the hand,	12
14] <i>yawne</i> 3	faid deare my Lord, Commend my feruice to my foueraigne. So did he turne, and ouer <i>Suffolkes</i> necke He threw his wounded arme, and fo espoused to death, With blood he fealed. An argument Of neuer ending loue. /	16
24] <i>espoused</i> 3.	The pretie and sweet maner of it, / Forft thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftopt, But I not fo much of man in me, But all my mother came into my eyes, And gaue me vp to teares.	20
26] <i>neuer-ending</i> 3	<i>King</i> . I blame you not for hearing you, I muft conuert to teares.	24
28] <i>I had not</i> 3	<i>Alarum foundes</i> . What new alarum is this ?	28
		32

[p. 88]
[COL. 2]

King Lyes he good Vnckle · thrice within this houre
 I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
 From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.
Etc. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
 8 Larding the plaine and by his bloody fide,
 (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
 The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes
 Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
 12 Comes to him, where in gore he lay inteepted,
 And takes him by the Beard, knifes the gathes
 That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
 He cries aloud, Tarry my Coffin Suffolke,
 16 My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen
 Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then dye a-breist
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our Chualrie.
 20 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
 Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
 24 So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
 He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending-loue
 28 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
 But I had not so much of man in mee,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 32 And gaue me vp to teares.
King I blame you not,
 For hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
 36 But hearke, what new alarum is this same?

7] *Soldiers* 3

21] *caught* 3, 4.

Alarum

35.] *too* 3, 4.

Bid euery fouldier kill his prisoner

Pift Couple gorge.

Exit omnes

[35 E. 4]

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[IV. 7]

Flew Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

4] *there's* 3

Gour Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left alue,
And the cowerdly rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues haue done this slaughter
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,

4

All that was in the kings Tent

8

Whervpon the king caufed euery prisoners

Throat to be cut O he is a worthy king

10] *Oh* 3

11] *I, . . Monmouth* 3

Flew I he was born at *Monmouth*

Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where

12

Alexander the big was borne ?

14] *great ?* 2

15] *not* 3 *big,* 2

Gour *Alexander* the great

Flew Why I pray, is nat big great ?

17] *tis* 3.

As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,

16

I hope it is all one reconing,

Saue the frase is a litle varation

Gour I thinke *Alexander* the great

Was borne at *Macedon*

20

21] *Macedon,* 2.

His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, || As I take it

Flew I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed / where *Alexander*

[p 88
[COL. 2]

The French haue re-anim'd the r scatter'd men
Then euery fouldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through

Lut

37] re-anim'd 3

Actus Quartus.

[IV 7]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis exprefly
againft the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience
now, is it not?

4

Gow 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alue, and the
Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
this ſlaughter beſides they haue burned and carried a-
way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
moſt worthily hath cauſ'd euery ſoldiour to cut his pri-
ſoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

8

Flu I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
pig was borne?

12

Gow *Alexander* the Great

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, ſaue the phraſe is a litle va-
riations

16

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
take it.

20

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
porne

10] priſoner's 3, 4

15 you,] you, 4

16] great

Was borne / looke you captaine *Gower*, / 24
 And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,
 You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
 A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer 28
 In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
 Is called *Wye*

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other :
 But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers, 32
 And there is *Samons* in both

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it, [34 E 4 v]
 You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*
 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his 36
 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
 For he neuer kild any of his friends 40

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished
 I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill 44
 His friend *Clitus* so our King being in his ripe
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
 With the great belly doublet I am forget his name

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed, 48
 I can tell you, theres good men boine at *Monmorth*

. . the *King* and *Lords* 2
 the *King* and his
Lords 3.

Enter King and the Lords.

[p 89]
[COL. 1]

24

28

32

36

40

44

48

52

porne I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of
the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisons be-
tweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke
you, is both alike There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there
is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at
Monmouth. but it is out of my praues, what is the name
of the other Riuer but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both If you
marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is
come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
things *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
and also being a little intoxicates in his praues, did in
his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend
Clytus

Gow Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
any of his friends

Flu It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished I speak
but in the figures, and comparisons of it as *Alexander*
kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes, so
also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his
good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
great belly doublet he was full of iests, and gypes, and
knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name

Gow Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*

Flu That is he Ile tell you, there is good men porne
at *Monmouth*

Gow. Heere comes his Maesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burdon
with prisoners Flourish.

47] *ust*, 4

50 into] in 3

King I was not angry since I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet Herauld,

52

And ride vnto the horſemen on yon hill

If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight

56

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them ſkyr away, as faſt

As ſtones enforſt from the old Affirian ſlings

Befides, wee cut the throats of thoſe we haue,

60

And not one aloue ſhall taſte our mercy.

Enter the Herauld.

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not

That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?

Herauld. I come great king for charitable fauour,

To fort our Nobles from our common men,

64

We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,

Which in the field lye ſpoyled and troden on

[p 89]
[COL 1]

King I was not angry since I came to France,
 Vntill this instant Take a Trumpet Herald,
 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 Or voyde the field they do offend our fight
 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings
 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our mercy Go and tell them so

Enter Montjoy

64 *Ere* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King How now, what meanes this Herald ? Knowst 66 *this* their
 thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome?
 68 Com'ft thou againe for ranfome ?

Her No great King

I come to thee for charitable Licenfe,
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 To sort our Nobles from our common men
 For many of our Princes (woe the while)
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood
 76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant lumbes
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded feedes
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
 80 Killing them twice O giue vs leaue great King,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies

67 *not* 1 *nor* 269 *yet* a] *yet* 275] *Crispin, Crispianus* 284 *will take no*] *will not* 290] *country-man*91] *country-man* 2
Iesu 392] *kno* 3

Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, / I do not know whether
The day be ours or no · / [67. F] 68
For yet a many of your French do keep the field

Hera The day is yours.

Kin Praised be God therefore.
What Castle call you that ? 72

Hera We call it *Agincourt*

Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.
Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin*. 76

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembered, 76
Is do good seruice in *France*

Kin. Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew Your Maiestie sayes verie true. 80
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow
And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne, 84
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day.

Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew All the water in *Wyte* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it, 88
To his graces will and pleasure

Kin. Thankes good countryman

Flew By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman
I care not who know it, so long as your maiefty is an honest 92
(man

[p 89]
[col 2]

84

Kin I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

85

Her The day is yours.
Kin Praised be God, and not our strength for it
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

92

Her They call it *Agincourt*
King Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

96

Flu Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prauie pattle here in France

96 a most, most 3, 4

100

Kin They did *Fluellen*.
Flu Your Maiefty sayes very true. If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice And I do beleue
your Maiefty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon
S Taues day.

104

King I weare it for a memorable honor.
For I am Welch you know good Countreiman.

108

Flu All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-
sties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that
God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too

109 plesse it,] pless, 4

112

Kin. Thanks good my Countrymen
Flu By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
care not who know it I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

111] Countryman

114] God, 4

Herauld 2

K God keep me so Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattred French

Exit Herald

Call yonder souldier hither

Flew You fellow come to the king

Kn Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

96

98-101] As prose 3

100 *which*] *the which* 3101 *sworne*] om 3

Soul And please your maiesstie, tis a rascals that swagard
With me the other day and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him. [100 F v]
So hath he sworne the like to me

100

102-3 *he keep*] *to keep* 3

104-5] As prose 3

105 *too*] *two* 2.

K How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
F And it please your maiesstie, tis lawfull he keep his vow.
If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke shues

104

Kn His enemy may be a gentleman of worth

107-8] As prose 3.

Flew And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the duell himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe

108

Kn. Well firrha keep your word

Vnder what Captain seruest thou?

[p 89]
[COL. 2]*King* Good keepe me fo*Enter Williams*

Our Herald's go with him,
 Bring me swift notice of the numbers dead
 On both our parts Call yonder fellow hither

120 *Ere* Souldier, you must come to the King

King Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy
 Cappe?

124 *Will* And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
 that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

King An Englishman?

128 *Will* And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swag-
 ger'd with me last night who if alive, and euer dare to
 challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
 a'th ere or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
 swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alive) I wil
 strike it out soundly

132 *King*. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
 souldier keepe his oath

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
 your Maiefty in my conscience

136 *King* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
 fort quite from the answer of his degree.

140 *Flu* Though he be as good a Gentleman as the duell is,
 as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
 your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath If hee
 bee periu'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
 villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
 vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

144 *King*. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st
 the fellow.

Will So, I wil my Liege, as I lue.*King*. Who seru'st thou vnder?*Will*.

116 G32.] G32 3 4

125] English man 3

129] o'th' ear 4

133] oath ?

143] conscience, 4.

114] *itt returne* 3117] *Alonson* *Weir* 3118 *off from his] from* 3119 *do om* 3.124 *should] would* 3

Soul Vnder Captaine *Gower*
Flew Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine
 And hath good liltrature in the warres

Kin Go call him hither

Soul. I will my Lord *Exit souldier*

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I / was
 Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet, /
 Here *Flewellen*, weare it / If any do challenge it,
 He is a friend of *Alonsons*, /
 And an enemy to mee.

Fle Your maefne doth me as great a fauour
 As can be desired in the harts of his subiects
 I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue
 And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
 That is all.

Kin. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower* ?

Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
 And if it like your maeftie, I know him very well.

Kin. Go call him hither

Flew. I will and it shall please your maeftie.

Kin Follow *Flewellen* clofely at the heeles,
 The gloue he weares,

it was the souldiers. [133—F 2]

It may be there will be harme betweene them,
 For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
 And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder
 And quickly will returne an injury.

[p 90]
[COL 1]

Will Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier

152 *Will* I will my Liege. *Exit*

King Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme If
156 any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
160 desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue, that is all but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see

164 *King* Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu He is my deare friend, and please you

King Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent

168 *Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

172 May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*.

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

176 By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word,

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it.

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

180 And quickly will returne an iniurie

159] do s 3 does 4

172] agt'eev d 2 agt'eev'd
3. 4

172] abox 2 oth 4

176 By his] By this 3. 4

Enter Captaine Gower.

Go see there be no harme betweene them

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.

[IV 8]

2] *towards* 3.3] *of*

4. Soul] Flew 2

5 *the the' the*

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you fir? / do you know this gloue?

4

Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him*7.] *Gods* 3
his 3.

Flew. Gode plut, and his

Captain *Gower* stand away

Hee giue treason his due presently.

8

9] *now* * *Whats* 3*Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter*

King. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a fommers day.

12

Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall,

is strike the gloue,

[p 90]
[COL. 1]

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

181. no] not 4

[IV 8]

Enter Gower and Wilhams.

Will I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King there is more good
toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
dreame of

Will Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will I know this, and thus I challenge it

Strikes him

Flu 'Sblud, an ariant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
fall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alanfons.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

9] 'Sblud, 3 'Sblud, 4.
any: 4

14] *Maestie* in person*Alonso* 315] *witnesse*, *look* for it
318] *to* 321] *in's* 324] *man-hood*, 3.Which your Maestie / tooke out of the helmet of *Alonso* . /And your Maestie will beare me witnes, / and testimony,
And anouchments, / that this is the gloue. /*Soul* And it please your Maestie, / that was my gloue /

He that I gaue it too in the night,

Promised me to weare it in his hat

I promised to strike him if he did

I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,

And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word

Flew. Your Maestie heares, / vnder your Maesties

Manhood, / what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is. /

Kn. Let me see thy gloue / Looke you,

This is the fellow of it /

It was I indeed you promised to strike

[27 F 2 v]

And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.

How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew Let his necke answere it,

If there be any marshals lawe in the worrell

Soul. My Liege, / all offences come from the heart /

Neuer came any from mine / to offend your Maestie /

34] *me* but as 338] *not to mine* / 339] *Seemed* then to me,
3 *offence*, my gr
cious Lord, / 3

You appeard to me as a common man /

Witness the night, your garments, / your lowlineffe,

And whatsoeuer / you receiued vnder that habit, /

I beseech your Maestie impute it / to your owne fault

And not mine / For your selfe came not like your selfe /

Had you bene as you seemed, / I had made no offence /

Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me

Kn Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,

And giue it to the fouldier / Weare it fellow, /

[p 90]
[COL 2]

28

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-son*

32

Will My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weere it in his Cappe I promis'd to strike him, if he did I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word

32] *haue*] *here* *here* 2

36

Flu Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knaue it is I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

35] *Man-hood*38 *Maiestie* is] *Will* 4

40

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier,
Looke, heere is the fellow of it
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes

44

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King How canst thou make me satisfaction?

48

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie

King It was our selfe thou didst abuse

52

Will Your Maiestie came not like your selfe. you appear'd to me but as a common man, witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence, therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

56

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

59 *And*] *Add* 2

47] *silling*, 348] *pruteles*, 351.] *silling* 3.52] *squeamish* 2.53 *you* | om. 2.56] *Bouchquall*

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it
 Gae him the crownes Come Captaine *Flewellen*,

44

I must needs haue you friends
 / *Flew.* By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
 In his belly. / Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you, /

And keep your selfe out of brawles / & brables, & diffentiōs, /
 And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

48

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
 Why should you be queamish ? / Your shoes are not so good /
 It will serue you to mend your shoes.

52

Kim. What men of fort are taken vnckle ?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King
John Duke of *Burton*, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
 Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
 Full fiteene hundred, besides common men.
 This note doth tell me of ten thousand
 French, that in the field lyes flaine.
 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

56

60

[61 F 3]

[P 90]
[COL. 2]

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it Gue him the Crownes
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him

64 *Flu* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
tell enough in his belly Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you

68 *Will* I will none of your Money

Flu It is with a good will I can tell you it will serue
you to mend your shooes come, wherefore should you
be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good 'tis a good
72 filling I warrant you, or I will change it

Enter Herauld

King Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herauld. Heere is the number of the slaught'ed
French

76 *King* What Prisoners of good fort are taken
Vnckle?

Exe Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine of Princes in this number,
84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred of the which,
88 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

65 to serue] series 3, 4

62] *Constanz's* 3*Charles de le Brute*, his Constable of France.*Iaques of Chatti'han*, Admirall of France64] *Crosse-bowes*, 3
*A'cisor*The Master of the crossebows, *Iohn Duke Alphon*65] *Ramures*, 3Lord *Ranlures*, his Master of France66] *Charillat*, 2The brave sir *Gwergard*, *Dolphin* Of *Nolille Chanillas*,67] *Prie* 3.Gran *Prie*, and *Ruffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy**Gerard* and *Verton* *Tandemant* and *Leftia*

69] King prefixed

Here was a royall fellowship of death

69] *Hueris* 3 *death*,

Where is the number of our English dead?

71] *Ere* prefixed*Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,

72] line dropped out 2

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam Eiquier*73] all the *ether*, 3

And of all other,

but five and twentie

74] King prefixed

O God thy arme was here,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise

When without stratagem,

77] *euen* in 3

And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard

78] *another* 3

So great, and lile losse,

on one part and an other

79] *at O God* 3

Take it God, for it is onely thine

Ere Tis wonderfull82] *proclaim'd* 3*King*. Come let vs go on procession through the camp

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due.

Flew Is it lawful, and it please your Maiesue,

To tell how many is kild?

King Yes *Flewellen*, / but with this acknowledgement, /

That God fought for vs

[p 91]
[COL. 1]

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillon, Admirall of France,
 96 The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Ramlures*,
 Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of Alanfon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
 100 And *Edward* Duke of Barr of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death
 104 Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
 Sir *Richard Kelly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire,
 None else of name and of all other men,
 108 But fūe and twentie
 O God, thy Arme was heere
 And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
 Ascribe we all when, without stratagem,
 112 But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaille,
 Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
 On one part and on th'other, take it God,
 For it is none but thine.
 116 *Exet* 'Tis wonderfull
King. Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village
 And be it death proclaymed through our Host,
 To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
 120 Which is his onely
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
 how many is kill'd?
King Yes Captaine but with this acknowledgement,
 124 That God fought for vs.

98] *Anthonio*101] *Fauconbridge* 4.102] *Vandemont*

109] King prefixed

115] *none's* 4.117 *me*] *we*

90] *Te*91] *enter a 3**Flew* Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.*King.* Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum
The dead with charitie enterred in clay
Weele then to *Calue*, and to England-then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men*Exit omnes.*

92

[P 91]
[COL 1]

128

Flu Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good
King Doe we all holy Rights
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay
 And then to Callice, and to England then,
 Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men
Ereunt

[V.]

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Chorus*

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
 That I may prompt them and of such as haue,
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
 Be here presented. Now we beare the King
 Toward Callice Graunt him there, there scene,
 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the Sea Behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood, with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
 Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
 Seemes to prepare his way So let him land,
 And solemnly see him fet on to London
 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath
 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
 His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
 Before him, through the Citie he forbids it,

7] , And *there* being *scene*,10] with *Wives*,11] *deep-mouth'd* 2

2 day] om 3

Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

Gower But why do you weare your Leeke to day? [I-- F 3 v.]
 Saint *Daures* day is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
 Looke you why, and wherefore,

[V. 1]

4

[P 91]

[COL. 2]

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride,
 Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
 24 How London doth powre out her Citizen,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
 28 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in
 As by a lower, but by loung likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 32 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword,
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more c. use,
 Did they this *Harry* Now in London place him
 36 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Inuites the King of Englands stay at home
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them and omit
 40 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France
 There must we bring him, and my selfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past
 44 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 After your thoughts, fraight backe againe to France

Exit

[V 1]

Enter Fluellen and Gower

Gower Nay, that's right but why weare you your
 Leeke to day? S *Dauies* day is past

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore

20] *et tu, tu*40] *chanc'd, 4*43] *Interim,*2] *Saint*

8] <i>scelt</i>	<p>The other day looke you, <i>Pistolles</i> Which you know is a man of no merites In the worell, is come where I was the other day, And brings bread and fault, and bids me Eate my Leeke . twas in a place, looke you, Where <i>I</i> could moue no discentions But if <i>I</i> can see him, <i>I</i> shall tell him, A litle of my desires.</p>	8
10 <i>could] m. u. l. c. 2</i>		12
13 <i>a comes] he comes 3</i> <i>Turky-cocke 3</i>	<p><i>Gow</i> Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke <i>Enter Pistoll.</i></p>	
17] <i>Bedlem 2 3</i>	<p><i>Flew</i> Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks, God plesse you Antient <i>Pistoll</i>, you scall, Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God plesse you <i>Pist</i> Ha, art thou bedlem ? Dost thou thrust base Troyan, To haue me folde vp <i>Parcas</i> fatall web ? Hence, <i>I</i> am qualmish at the smell of Leeke</p>	16
22] <i>stomackes, . affe-</i> <i>lites, 3</i>	<p><i>Flew</i> Antient <i>Pistoll</i> / I would desire you because It doth not agree / with your stomacke, and your appetite, / And your digestions, to eate this Leeke</p>	20
24] <i>Cadwallader 3</i>	<p><i>Pist</i> Not for <i>Cadwalleder</i> and all his goates <i>Flew.</i> There is one goate for you Antient <i>Pistol</i>. <i>He strikes him.</i></p>	24
26] <i>Base</i>	<p><i>Pist.</i> Base Troyan, thou shalt dye</p>	
27] <i>I But in the meane 3</i>	<p><i>Flew.</i> I, I know I shall dye, / meane time, I would Desire you / to lue and eate this Leeke. /</p>	28

[p. 91]
[COL. 2]

in all things I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine
Gower, the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragg
Knaue Pistoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 8 merits hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him, but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 12 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll

Gower Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turky-
 cock

16 *Flu* 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turky-
 cocks God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll* you scurue low-
 fie *Knaue*, God plesse you

Pist Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
 20 Trojan, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence,
 I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke

Flu I pefeech you heartily, scurue lowfie *Knaue*, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 24 looke you, this Leeke, because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

28 *Pist* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats

Flu There is one Goat for you *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld *Knaue*, as eate it?

Pist Base Trojan, thou shalt dye

32 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld *Knaue*, when Gods
 will is I will desire you to lue in the meane time, and
 eate your Viſuals come, there is sawce for it You
 call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

16] swelling, 4

17] plesse you] plesse 3, 4.

18] blesse 3, 4

26] does 4.

35] yester dady 2

29] *him*, it is enough 3.

31] *nights too. but* 3

After 35] He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Leeke [in one line] 3

38] Looke you now, *there is a shilling for you* 3
39] *shilling?* 2

43] / I will 3

45] *And buy cudgels*
And so *God* be with *you*,
3.
46.] *plesse* 3

Gower. Inough Captaine, / you haue astonisht him /
Flew. Astonisht him, / by Iesu, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, / and foure nights, but Ile
Make him / eate some part of my Leeke. /

32

Pist Well must I byte? [33—F 4]
Flew I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
You must byte.

Pist. Good good
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll* /
There is a shilling for you / to heale your bloody coxkome

36

Pist Me a shilling
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you

40

Pist I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, / ile pay you in cudgels, /
You shalbe a woodmonger,

44

And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Pistoll*, God blesse you,
And heale your broken pate
Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all · God bwy you

48

Exit Flewellen.

Pist All hell shall stir for this

[p. 92]
[COL. I]

- you to day a squire of low degree I pray you fall too, if
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke
- Gour.* Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him
- Flu* I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
40 or I will peate his pate foure dayes bite I pray you, it is
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Cox-
combe
- Pylt* Must I bite
- 44 *Flu* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que-
stion too, and ambiguities
- Pylt* By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I sweare
- 48 *Flu* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce
to your Leeke there is not enough Leeke to sweare by
- Pylt* Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.
- Flu* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
52 pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your
broken Coxcombe, when you take occasions to see
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.
- Pylt.* Good.
- 56 *Flu* I, Leekes is good hold you, there is a groat to
heale your pate
- Pylt* Me a groat?
- Flu* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
60 another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate
- Pylt.* I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge
- Flu* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
64 me but cudgels. God buy you, and keepe you, & heale
your pate *Erit*
- Pylt* All hell shall furre for this
- Gow* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
68 will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an

36 *too*] *to*43] *bite*?46] *revenge*47] *eat and, eat, 4*64] *Gud* 3. 467] *Kaue, 2*

51] *huswife* 3.52] *loynes* ? 356] *slight* 3.60] *got* 2.1.] *met*, 32.] *brother*4.] *stocke*,

Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now ?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines ?

Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainlyThat Doll is ficke One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug

Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand .

To England will I steale, || And there Ile steale

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres

Exit Pistol.

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords And at
the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, / wherefore we are met. /And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day [1—F 4 v]Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*

And as a branch, and member of this stock

We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

Fran. Brother of *England*, / right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, /

so are we Princes English euery one

52

56

60

[V. 2]

4

[P. 92]
[COL. 1]

honourable respect, and vorne as a memorable Trophée
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words I haue seene you gleecking & galling
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well *Exit*

Pist Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now
Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
dy of France, and there my rendezuous is quite cut off
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres *Exit*

84] *cudgel d* 3, 485] *swear* 3, 4

[V. 2]

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords At another, Queene Ifabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and
other French*

Bourgogne 2 Bourgoin 3,

King Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met,
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day Ioy and good wishes
4 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine*
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all

1] *are we* 3, 47] *Burgogne, 2, 4 Bar-
gogne, 3*

Fra Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fauely met,
So are you Princes (English) euery one.

10 *fauely] faire 2 fair*
3, 4
11] *(English one) 4*

8 *both*] om 3

Duk With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demandaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace ⁊

8

[p 92]
[c. l. 2]

Quee So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
 16 In them against the French that met them in their bent,
 The fatall Balls of murdering Bafiliskes
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
 20 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue
Eng To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare
Quee You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg My dutie to you both, on equall loue
 24 Great Kings of France and England that I haue labour'd
 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuors,
 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
 Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview,
 28 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse
 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 You haue congregated let it not disgrace me,
 32 If I demand before this Royall view,
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,
 36 Should not in this best Garden of the World,
 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?
 Alas, thee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 40 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 44 Put forth disorder'd Twigs her fallow Leas,

12 *Ireland*] *England*15, 16] *Your . . . in them /*
Against
bent, [so arranged
2, 3, 4]27] *Bur*, 3, 440] *it's* 3, 4.42] *even*, *pleach'd* 3, 4.

Har If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,

You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.

[P 92]
[COL. 2]

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,
 That should deracinate such Sauagery.
 48 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke,
 Conceues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
 52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kekfyes, Burres,
 Loosing both beautie and vtilitie,
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
 56 Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,
 Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey,
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
 60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire,
 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
 64 You are assembled and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And blesse vs with her former qualities
 68 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whose want gues growth to th'imperfections
 Which you haue cited, you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our iust demands,
 72 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 You haue enchedul'd briefly in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet
 There is no Answer made
 76 *Eng.* Well then the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer:

45] *Fam.loy.*, 4.52] *Kekfyes*, 3, 453] *Loosing*59 *grow*] *grow* 261] *diffus'd* 3, 468] *Burgonie**France* I

15] *cursorary* 316] *Ore viewd them* 2.
Ore-view d them, 3

Fran We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,

16

We fhall returne our peremptory answere
Har Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answere backe

20

Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.

22 *With-all* 2

Exit French King 3
Harry] Harry 2 King
Henry 3

France Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords *Manet*, Harry, Katherine,
and the Gentlewoman

[p. 93]
[col 1]

	<i>France</i> I haue but with a curielame eye O're-glanc't the Articles Pleaseth your Grace	78] <i>curielame</i> , 79] <i>O're glanc't</i>
80	To appoint some of your Councell presently To fit with vs once more, with better heed To re-furuey them, we will suddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer	
84	<i>England</i> Brother we shall Goe Vnckle <i>Exeter</i> , And Brother <i>Clarence</i> , and you Brother <i>Gloucefier</i> , <i>Warwick</i> , and <i>Huntington</i> , goe with the King, And take with you free power, to ratifie,	85] <i>you</i> om
88	Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes best Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'le configne thereto Will you, faire Sister,	
92	Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs <i>Quee</i> Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on	94] <i>Happely</i> 2, 3 <i>Haply</i> 4
96	<i>England</i> Yet leaue our Coufin <i>Katherine</i> here with vs She is our capitall Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles <i>Quee.</i> She hath good leaue <i>Exeunt omnes</i>	
	<i>Manet King and Katherine</i>	
100	<i>King</i> Faire <i>Katherine</i> , and most faire, Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart	100 and] om. 3, 4.
104	<i>Kath.</i> Your Maestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England. <i>King.</i> O faire <i>Katherine</i> , if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con- fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue Doe you	106.] <i>you</i> 2
108		

23 Hate] Kate 2 Hat
3

Hate. Now *Kate*, / you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you. /

24

25] *Leap-frog*, 3

If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any

28

[P 93]
[COL 1]like me, *Kate*?*Kath* Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me112 *King* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell*Kath* *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?**Lady* *Ouy verayment (Sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il*

114] verament

116 *King* I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush to affirme it*Kath* *O lon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies*120 *King*. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

119 the] om 4

Lady *Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits · dat is de Princeesse*

121] tongues

124 *King* The Princeesse is the better English-woman yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plame *King*, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
128 Crowne I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you, then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain how say you, *Lady*?

125] wouldst 3

131 so] om 3, 4

132 *Kath* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well

133] honour,

136 *King* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me for the one I haue neither words nor measure, and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawtung into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe, vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
140 quickly leape into a Wife Or if I might buffet for my

139] vaulting 3, 4-

34] *sunburning* 239] *beard?* *Kate* 341] *France* 2 242] *It is* 3But leauing that *Kate*,

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt haue me at the worst [32--G]

And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,

Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning

But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,

/ Betweene Saint *Denis*,And Saint *George*, / shall get a boy,That shall goe to *Constantinople*, /And take the great Turke by the beard, / ha *Kate*? /

[See quarto

lines 82,

83, 84,

85, 86,

87, 88]

[See quarto

lines 89,

90, 91, 92]

Kate. Is it possible dat me fallLoue de enemie de *France**Harry* No *Kate*, / tis vnpossibleYou should loue the enemie of *France* · /For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,

[p. 93]
[COL. 2]

144 Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on
 like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Apes, neuer off But
 before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out
 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation,
 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer ſe till vrg'd,
 148 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow
 of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-bur-
 ning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any
 thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake
 152 to thee plaine Souldier If thou canſt loue me for this,
 take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true, but
 for thy loue, by the L No yet I loue thee too And
 while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
 vncoynd Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right,
 156 becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places for
 theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues
 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues
 out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
 160 but a Ballad, a good Legge will fall, a ſtraight Backe will
 ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
 hollow but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
 164 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone, for it
 ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe
 truly If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and
 take me; take a Souldier. take a Souldier, take a King
 168 And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire,
 and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of
 Fraunce?

172 *King* No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Ene-
 mie of France, *Kate*, but in louing me, you ſhould loue
 the Friend of France. for I loue France ſo well, that I

145] *us'a* 3. 4.150 *thy*] *the* 4157] *hams* 3/4 4172 *you*] that *you* 3. 4

	That Ile not leaue a Village, Ile haue it all mine then <i>Kate</i> ,	48
	When <i>France</i> is mine, And I am yours,	
	Then <i>France</i> is yours, And you are mine.	
	<i>Kate</i> I cannot tell what is dat.	
52] <i>Kate</i> 2.	<i>Harry</i> . No <i>Kate</i> , Why Ile tell it you in French,	52
53] <i>it om</i> 3	Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride	
	On her new married Husband.	
56] <i>Denis</i> 2	Let me see, Saint <i>Dennis</i> be my speed	56
	Quan <i>France</i> et mon <i>Kate</i> Dat is, when <i>France</i> is yours.	
	<i>Harry</i> Et vous ettes amoy <i>Kate</i> . And I am to you.	60
	<i>Harry</i> . Douck <i>France</i> ettes a vous	
	<i>Kate</i> Den <i>France</i> fall be mine.	
	<i>Harry</i> . Et le fuyues a vous	
	<i>Kate</i> . And you will be to me	64
	<i>Har</i> Wilt beleue me <i>Kate</i> ? tis easier for me	
	To conquer the kingdome, / thē to speak so much	
	More French / [67—G v]	
68] <i>enough</i> 3.	<i>Kate</i> . A your Maiesty / has false <i>France</i> inough	68
	To deceiue / de best Lady in <i>France</i> /	
70] <i>But Kate</i> prethee tell me <i>in</i> &c 3	<i>Harry</i> . No faith <i>Kate</i> not I / But <i>Kate</i> ,	
71] <i>I Dost ihou</i> 3	In plaine termes, / do you loue me?	
	<i>Kate</i> I cannot tell.	72
	<i>Harry</i> No, can any of your neighbours tell?	
	Ile aske them Come <i>Kate</i> , I know you loue me	
	And soone when you are in your cloffet,	76
	Youle question this Lady of me.	
	But I play thee sweete <i>Kate</i> , vse me mercifully,	
	Because I loue thee cruelly.	

[See quaito
ll. 35-6.]

[P 93]
[COL. 2]

176

will not part with a Village of it, I will haue it all mine -
and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath I cannot tell wat is dat.

180

King. No, *Kate* ? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off, *Je*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy (Let mee see, what then ? Saint *Dennis* bee
my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

188

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il*
& meheus que l' Anglois le quel Je parle.

189] *melius* 3, 4

192

King. No faith is't not, *Kate* : but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
needes be graunted to be much at one But *Kate*, doo'st
thou vnderstand thus much English ? Canst thou loue
mee ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate* ? Ile
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me and at night,
when you come into your Clofet, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me, and I know, *Kate*, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart. but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princess, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
bee'st mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
me thou shalt, I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder :
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

204

203 a] om 3, 4

k

that

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure
 But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer
 What Wench,
 A straight backe will growe crooked
 A round eye will growe hollowe.
 A great leg will waxe small,
 A cūld pate proue balde
 But a good heirt *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,
 And rather the Sun and not the Moone
 And theretore *Kate* take me,
 Take a souldier take a souldier,
 Take a King

80

84

88

[See quarto

ll. 31-3]

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me ?

92

[p. 94]
[COL. I]

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by
the Beard Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce

Kate I doe not know dat

212 *King.* No 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise:
doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeaour for your
French part of such a Boy, and for my English moytie,
216 take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deui-*
deesse

215] *Daniel* 3, 4.

Kath. Your Maestee aue fause Frenche enough to
deceiue de most sage Damoisel dat is en Fraunce

219] *Daniel* 3, 4.

220 *King.* Now fy vpon my false French by mine Honor
in true English, I loue thee *Kate*, by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
ter me, that thou doo'st, notwithstanding the poore and
224 vntempering effect of my Visage Now beshrew my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
228 to wooe Ladyes, I fright them but in faith *Kate*, the el-
der I wax, the better I shall appeare My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
232 the worst, and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better and therefore tell me, most faire *Ka-*
therine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
236 an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of
England, I am thine which Word thou shalt no sooner
blessed mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
240 *Plantaginet* is thine, who, though I speake it before his

223] *Act*, yet now- 3, 4234 *you*] *those* 3, 4.

93 *the* *de* 3.*Kate.* Dat is as please the King my father.*Harry.* Nay it will please himNay it shall please him *Kate*96 *you* *this* 3And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you

96

99] *faueur**Ka.* O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse
Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashon en fouor

Harry. What faies she Lady ?

100

101] *in* 3*Lady.* Dat it is not de fashon en *France*,

For de maides, before da be married to

[102—G 3]

103] *Ma* 2

May foy ie oblye, what is to baffe ?

105] *France**Har* To kis, to kis. / O that tis not the
Fashon in *France*, / for the maydes to kis
Before they are married /

104

Lady Owee see votree giace*Har.* Well, weelee breake that custome.

108

[P 94]
[COL. I]

Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
finde the best King of Good-fellowes Come your An-
swer in broken Musick, for thy Voyce is Musick, and
244 thy English broken Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*,
breake thy minde to me in broken English, wilt thou
haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*

248 *King* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please
him, *Kate*

Kath Den it fall also content me

King Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
252 Queene

Kath *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy Je ne*
veus point que vous allaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le
main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je
256 *vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur*

King Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant*
leur nopce il net pas le costume de Fraunce

260 *King* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.

King. To kisse

264 *Lady* Your Maiestee *entendre better que moy.*

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to
kisse before they are married, would she say?

Lady *Ouy verayment*

268 *King* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon wee are the ma-
kers of Manners, *Kate*, and the libertie that followes
272 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

250] shall 3, 4.

254] grandeur,

256] supply

258] barse

261 it] om 3, 4 not to
be +fishion
262] what 4
English 3, 4.

265] Is it 3, 4

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses
And may perfwade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned

112

Kings 3

*Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes*

[P 94]
[COL 2]

276 Country, in denying me a Kisse therefore presently,
and yeelding You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate · there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell, and
they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a
280 generall Petition of Monarchs Heere comes your
Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the English
Lords*

Burg God saue your Maestie, my Royall Cousin,
teach you our Princeesse English?

284 *King* I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English

Burg. Is shee not apt?

285 *King* on 3, 4

288 *King*. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
on is not smooth so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
likenesse

292 *Burg* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
you for that If you would coniure in her, you must
make a Circle if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde Can you
blame her then, being a Maid, yet ro'd ouer with the
296 Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne
to.

296] *assurance* 3 4

300 *King* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind
and enforces

Burg They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see

117] *ordered 3.*

How now my Lords ?
 France Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had

116

[P 94]
[col. 2]

304

not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking

305] *consent it to winking*

308

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer, and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to

312] *ties 3. 4*

316

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

320

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectuely the Cities turn'd into a Maid, for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entered

324

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

324 England] King

France. So please you.

328

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her so the Maid that stood in the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason

332

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article His Daughter first, and in sequele, all, According to their firme proposed natures

334] *and then in**Eret. Onely*

119 *this* to *lines* 2

Eve Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demands,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme
And with this addition in French

120

125] *d'Angleterre* 3

Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterrre,
E heare de France And thus in Latin
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie

124

127-8] *Anglie Francie*
3

Fran Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same

128

132] *recourse* 2

Har Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage

[133—G 3 v]

132

Fran This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue

God that disposeth all, gue you much ioy [Fol ll. 359-60]

136

Har Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come gue me thy hand

139] *marriage* 3

Our marriage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue

140

[p 95]
[COL. 1]

Et. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this
 Where your Maiesie demands, That the King of France
 hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
 name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition,
 340 on, in French *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d Angleterre*
Heretere de Fraunce. and thus in Latine, *Pæclarissimus*
Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ

344 France, Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
 But your request shall make me let it passe

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
 Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
 And thereupon gue me your Daughter

348 France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
 Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
 Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
 With enuy of each others happinesse,
 352 May cease their hatred, and this deare Coniunction
 Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
 In their sweet Bosomes. that neuer Warre aduance
 His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

356 Lords Amen

King. Now welcome Kate and beare me witnesse all,
 That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene

Flourish.

360 Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one
 As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
 So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
 That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
 [COL. 2] Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
 365 Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
 To make diuorce of their incorporate League
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,

333 2, 3] om 3, 4

340] Roy's 2, 3 Roy's 4

353] Not, / cournois

365] Passion 3, 4

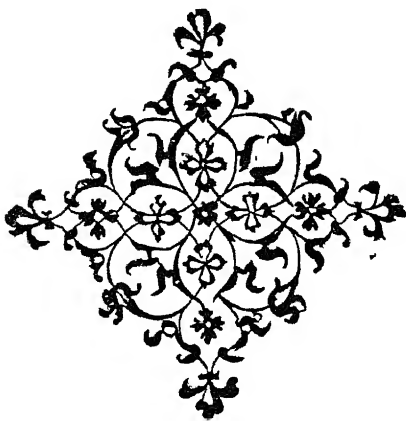
367] English men 3, 4

142] 222

Then will I fweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee
And may our voves once made, vnbroken bee

142

FINIS.



[G 4]

[P 95]
[COL 2]

Receiue each other God ſpeake this Amen

*All Amen**King* Prepare we for our Marriage on which day,370 *2. 2. 3. 4.*

My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath

372 And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues

Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,

And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rou, be

*Senet.**Exeunt*

Sonet

Enter Chorus

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,

Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,

In little roome conſining mightie men,

4 Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory

Small time but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued

This Starre of England Fortune made his Sword,

By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued

8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this King ſucceed

Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,

8] *Lord,*

12 That they loſt France, and made his England bleed

12.] *make*

Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne, and for their ſake,

In your faire minds let this acceptance take

F I N I S

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever
sufficient space is left]

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Publications Suggested

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2 Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q 1, 2 Henry IV, Q 1, Troilus and Cressida, Q 1, Lear, Q 1 Of Othello, four Texts Q 1, Q 2, F 1, and a revised Text

3 Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (to be ed by the Rev J W Elsworth, M A), and *The Merchant of Venice*

4 The First Quartos of *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Richard II*, 1 *Henry IV*,—from which the copies in the Folio were printed

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations.

Series V. *The Contemporary Drama* (suggested by the late Mr Richard Simpson).

a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle

b. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91, and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600

c. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in SHAKSPEARE'S time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets, &c &c

d Dr Wm Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed October, 1592

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